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CHRISTIAN HERALD



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MORE THAN 20 FEATURES
STORIES AND ARTICLES



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Tommy finds his leader

A CHILD of poverty and ignorance, Tommy had never been in church before in all his ten years of life; and this was his first visit to Mont Lawn's chapel. The quiet and peace of the place filled him with awe and a humbleness he had never before known. Tommy's role in life as the leader of his gang had not given him a spirit of meekness.

The singing had been rather fun—but all this bowing of heads made no sense to Tommy. But bow his head he did. He could not explain it but he did not feel like a leader today—he felt more like one of the fellows who followed behind.

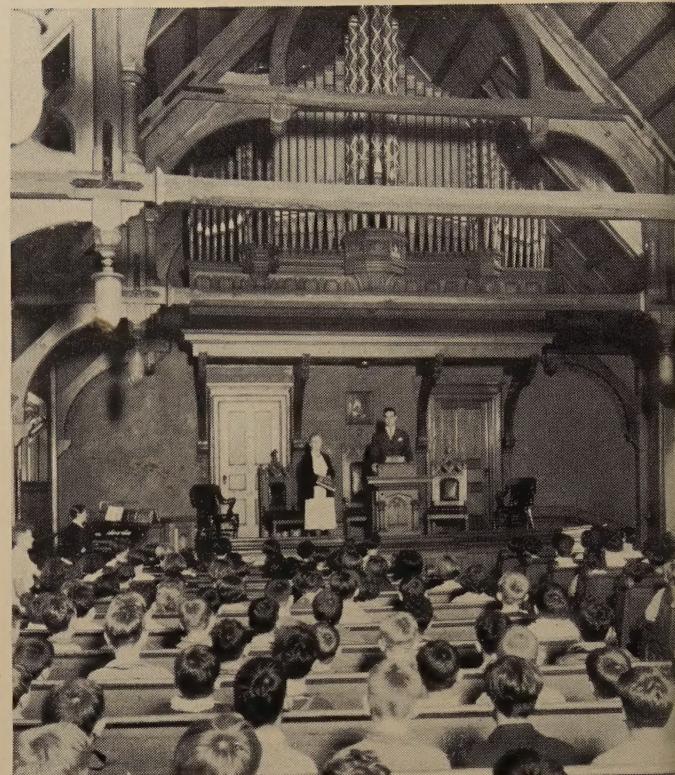
Out of this absorption of self-analysis, Tommy suddenly realized someone was talking to him. The man standing on the platform had said, "He leads me!" Tommy's natural reaction was to spring to his feet and shout, "I'm de leader, d'yer get me?" but the strangeness of it all had done something to him—he didn't want to lead just now—he wanted to know something about this other leader.

Softly the voice from the pulpit went on: "He says 'Suffer little children to come unto me'—He led you to Mont Lawn. But for Him and His followers, there would be no Mont Lawn. He teaches His followers to love one another and to love little children. Because of the great love these followers have for their Leader, you have been taken from the heat and filth of the slums and are now having a beautiful vacation in God's country."

Tommy understood all this because he, too, was a leader, and his followers did as he told them to



THEY COME TO US STARVED, THESE UNFORTUNATE ONES, STARVED FOR FOOD TO KEEP THE BODY ALIVE, FOR FOOD TO AWAKEN THE SOUL. WHAT FINER THING CAN YOU DO THAN TO HELP US CARRY ON THIS WORK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS?



do. But what he couldn't understand was how it had come about that he, Tommy Burns, the gang leader, had followed another leader. He would have to find out about this Leader called Jesus. He did wonderful things. This Mont Lawn he was staying at must be His home. Gee, it must be grand to always live in a house with trees and grass and flowers all around it.

After chapel, our visiting pastor, walking down the road toward home, felt a tug at his coat tail. Turning around he was surprised to find one of Mont Lawn's little guests looking up at him rather pugnaciously. "Well, son, what can I do for you?" he asked.

To tell you of the talk between our little and our big friend would take more room than this page allows. But I will tell you that Tommy had heard, for the first time in his life, the story of Jesus, the Leader, and His followers.

Children are unconscious mimics; the leaders always have a hero after whom they pattern their every action. Tommy had found a new hero.

No Contribution Is Too Small We Have Much To Do This Summer

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Dear Friends:—Here's my contribution to your work.

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Just Between Ourselves



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

Our New Serial

IT IS exciting to an editor to discover new talent; and perhaps the most gratifying experience is to find an author's first literary effort so well done and interesting that the editor feels it must be published. We have just had that experience. Arthur C. Baldwin whose brief autobiography appears on this page has written a novel, which we will publish in serial form starting in the September issue, about a young minister who encounters all the problems of a small town parish. It is a gripping, dynamic story and we warn those who are perhaps tired of reading about ministers that they should not let their prejudices keep them from reading this thrilling story, entitled "Mrs. Caleb's Boarder." Who is Arthur C. Baldwin? Let him tell you himself.

From the Author

BORN in Rochester, New York, my parents early took me to Ohio to grow up in the rural surroundings of Granville. My father and grandfather were both ministers of real note and distinction, so much so that I was content to let the family record stand that way. However, for reasons beyond my control, a third edition had to appear.

My career as a minister and the new century started together. I remember modestly telling my trusting people at the first Watch-night service that old things had passed away. The new century was the door to the most wonderful adventure in peace and brotherhood that humanity had ever known. Somehow, that

prophecy has missed fire. Probably I slipped up on my part.

I have had six pastorates, the last one still in being and covering so far nineteen years. In the Great War I was with the "Y" for a year, five months of it in France during the Armistice. In 1928 I visited our missions in Belgian Congo.

My literary pursuits (that word "pursuit," by the way, is a good word,) have been many and persistent. In the early days the *Granville Times* was my publicity medium. Later many editors were ready to print my stuff so long as there was no charge. Then as ambition widened I sent many articles on all sorts of subjects to the best magazines of the land. I have them all

still with the rejection slips.

Now after my sixtieth birthday my first novel is to make its bow to the public that has waited so long. It is about a minister, a subject I ought to know something about. It is an honest bit of fiction, entirely imaginary in place and characters, but in essence true, every word of it.

ARTHUR C. BALDWIN

Please!

AGAIN we must remind those of our subscribers who contemplate moving, that you should notify us of your new address at least a month in advance. It takes that long for the change to be completed in our files.

A Correction

No. 8

UNDER a picture on page 10 of the July issue, it was stated that the gentleman appearing in the picture was a Mr. John Duveen of Chicago. Actually it was Mr. John Nuveen. Having never seen a picture of Mr. Duveen we can not say which of these gentlemen will be flattened by the error.

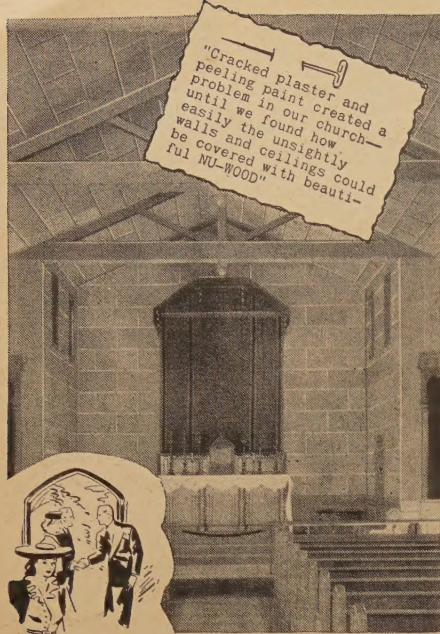
This Month's Cover

THIS beautiful picture was painted by Karel Ooms, a 19th Century Belgian artist. Entitled "Forbidden Lecture," it deals with that period in European history when the Bible was forbidden reading except to the clergy. So great was the hunger of the masses for the Word that no laws or edicts could prevent such furtive readings—as the artist has depicted here.

We reproduce this picture by courtesy of Rudolph Lesch Fine Arts, Inc., New York City.

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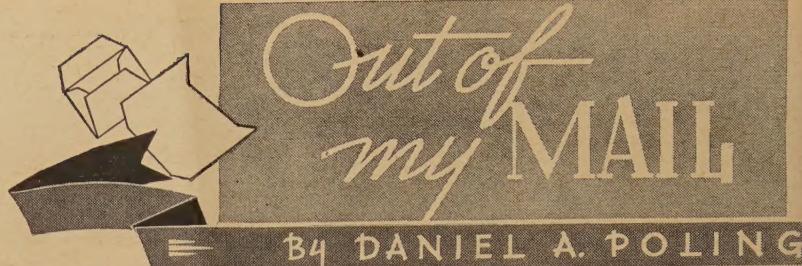
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ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

WHAT RELIGION MEANS

I have heard the statement, "A person can be very religious and still not a Christian." Will you please explain how this can be?

RELIGION, another has said, any religion, is man's search for God. The cannibal in the jungle beating his drum and sacrificing his human victim is religious—dark and horrible though his superstition be. But Christianity is different. Christianity is finding God in and through Jesus Christ.

BRUTAL BOMBINGS

Can anything be done to make a united protest against the bombing of open cities?

CERTAINLY something should be done—immediately done, to achieve a united protest against this mass murder. The effort of Great Britain and France to secure the cooperation of the Vatican in terminating the raids on Barcelona is worthy of world support. Surely nations, however barbarous, will not deliberately go on in this way. Rome, Paris, Berlin, and London are all equally open to such attacks in the future. The madness of man assumes daily more hideous proportions over the whole earth.

MARIJUANA

Dr. Poling, what do you know about Marijuana, the drug that is so much discussed just now?

I KNOW that this drug, which comes from a weed growing easily in all sections of the United States, is particularly dangerous to children and young people. It is the old loco weed that has been the menace of western grazing ranges for a hundred years. It is known in the Far East as "hashish." Marijuana is being circulated through public schools by criminals, by addicts and by a growing group of unscrupulous individuals. It is very easily made into "reefer cigarettes." No person, young or old, should ever accept a cigarette from a stranger. State and nation are uniting in a campaign to exterminate the weed. All social agencies should unite with police authorities to wage war on this growing menace.

NO HAPPINESS WITHOUT DISCIPLINE

It seems to me, as a young man soon ready for college, that everything older people about me think is worthwhile cuts off pleasure. What about it?

THE question reminds me of the little boy who was asked by his teacher to describe nutritious food. The lad's answer was, "It's food you don't like." You may recall the child who was practicing at the piano and who complained that her fingers were sore; then her teacher told her that practice strengthened the fingers and made perfect. The child asked, "Does everything perfect hurt?"

Well, discipline is not always pleasant—but it is profitable, and future happiness and achievement, character itself, confirms the principle. Indeed, there is no happiness without discipline—even as there is no fundamentally sound achievement without character.

MAN'S FOLLY—NOT GOD'S WRATH

Are floods an evidence of God's wrath?

I DO not think so. Frequently they are an evidence of man's folly—man's folly in destroying forests indiscriminately, man's folly in filling or narrowing river channels, man's folly in delaying conservation programs, man's folly in building his cities and enterprises on levels that are too low.

NO INSUPERABLE BARRIERS

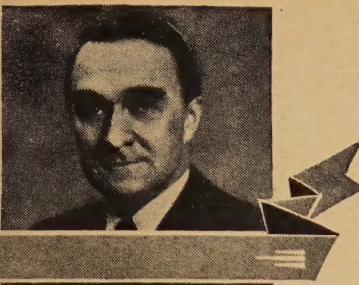
Do you think it possible for the Presbyterian Church and the Episcopal Church to actually unite? Are there not insuperable barriers?

CERTAINLY all things are possible to God and in Him. Doctrinally at least there are no final barriers between the Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church, and whether there is eventually union or not, and even though the action of the governing body of the Episcopal Church which was received with enthusiasm by the recent Presbyterian General Assembly becomes never more than a gesture, the gesture is indeed beautiful and justified.

The ecumenical movement which received world impetus at the Oxford and

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OUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

dinburg Conferences last summer and which was given form by the recent meeting at The Hague, is prophetic in its proportions. It is in unity rather than in division that the immediate hope for Protestant oneness lies. Surely we may unite our programs and activities without prejudice to our particular forms and loyalties. More and more we are uniting.

In the meantime through federation we may present the united Protestant front to the world. Our sectarian differences are inexcusable in the face of world disasters that threaten and world opportunities that invite.

THEY CAN GO TOGETHER

Are clergymen bad business men? Is it invariably, or generally, the rule that spiritual leadership and business leadership do not go together?

AM of course embarrassed by the question! On the other hand, if any man ever made wiser and more efficient use of money than my father, for instance, I would like to shake his hand! That holds not only for my father's small salary—he drew \$400 a year when I first became acquainted with him and was responsible for a wife and nine children—but for his administration of church and college affairs.

Certainly, spiritual and financial leadership go often together. Some of the spiritual giants of my knowledge have been business men; some of the wisest administrators of great financial trusts have been clergymen. A number of the foundations of the country have been organized and conducted by clergymen.

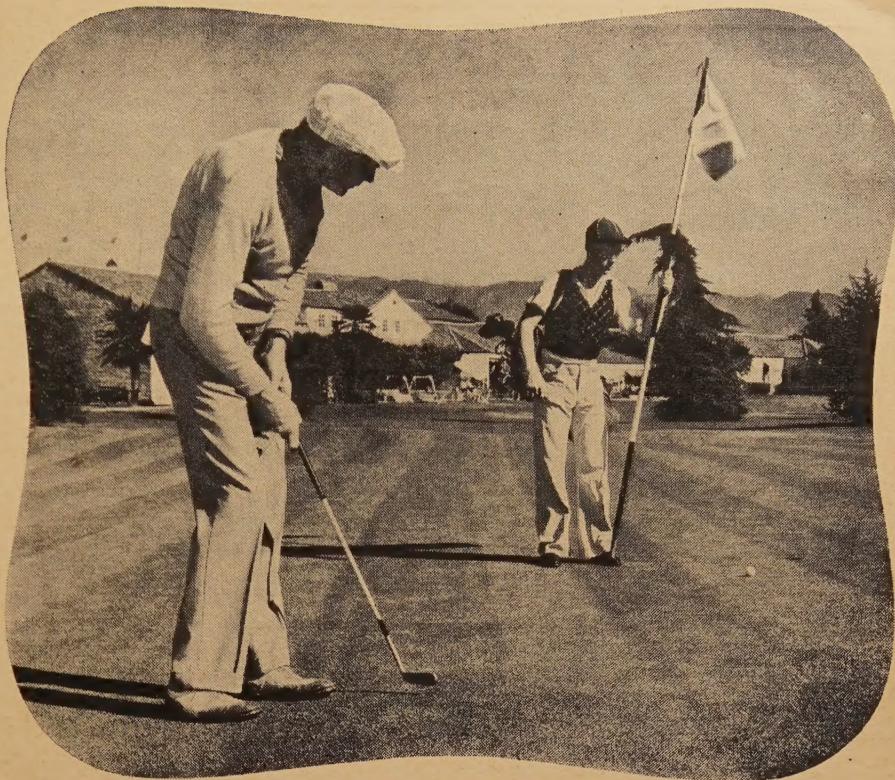
NO OLYMPICS FOR JAPAN

Do you think that the Olympic games would be withdrawn from Japan?

AGREE with one of the distinguished Japanese generals who was quoted in the daily press on Tuesday of the past week as saying that he believed the games should be withdrawn from Japan. Our reasons, however, are not identical. He spoke in the interests of the Japanese military adventure in China, and the conservation of her resources in the interests of military expansion. My reasons are different; only the conclusions are the same.

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Editor . . . Irene Wilcox.



To the man who doesn't want to work forever

MOST of us hope to win someday a long reprieve from labor. Yet to hope may seem as futile as shooting at the midday sun.

But it need not be. For the prospect of retiring—the prospect of attaining financial freedom—is not just a bright impossibility. It lies within the grasp of almost every one of us.

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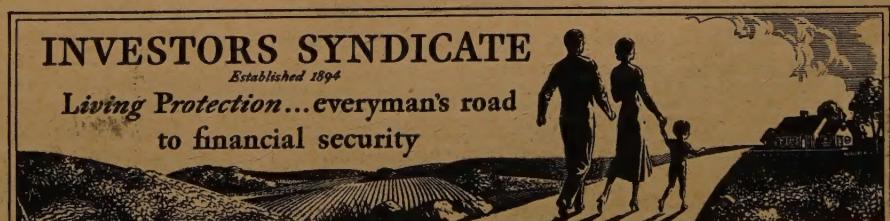
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The Best in August RADIO

Selected Programs on Midsummer Airwaves

[Time is Eastern Daylight Saving Time.]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 11:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Cheer and Comfort, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9:00 to 9:15 A.M.—CBS.
 12:30 P.M. Time for Thought—RED. Talks by leading Christian men.
 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.
 1:30 P.M. Words and Music—RED. Charles Sears, tenor; Bernice Richman, soprano; Larry Larsen, organist; Harvey Hays, narrator.
 1:45 P.M. Edward MacHugh, "The Gospel Singer"—CBS.
 5:30 P.M. The Singing Lady—BLUE. Nursery jingles, songs and stories.
 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas—BLUE. Current Events.
 7:45 P.M. Boake Carter—CBS. Except Tuesdays—Current Events.

SUNDAY

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft—CBS. Recitals by Julius Mattfeld.
 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—CBS. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination.
 10:00 A.M. High Lights of the Bible—RED. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm.
 10:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan—CBS. Negro choir and talks by outstanding Negro leaders.
 11:30 A.M. America Abroad—RED. Patti Field, former Vice Consul, Denmark.
 12:00 P.M. Southernaires—BLUE. Negro male quartet.
 12:30 P.M. Radio City Music Hall Symphony—RED. Summer Chamber Music Series.
 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
 1:30 P.M. Europe Calling—CBS. Talks from European capitals.
 1:45 P.M. Poet's Gold—CBS. David Ross reads poetry.
 3:00 P.M. Everybody's Music—CBS. Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony.
 4:00 P.M. National Vespers—BLUE. Dr. Paul Scherer.
 4:00 P.M. The Farmer Takes the Mike—CBS. Farmers from all sections of the country talk on national and international problems.
 6:00 P.M. Music for Fun—CBS. Music for young children, with Columbia Broadcasting Symphony directed by Howard Barlow, and child commentator.
 7:00 P.M. Hobby Lobby—RED. Discussions of unusual hobbies.
 8:30 P.M. Summer Lewisohn Stadium concerts—CBS.
 10:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
 10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines—CBS. H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout, and Erwin Canham commenting on the week's news.

MONDAY

- 8:15 A.M. William Meeder—BLUE. Organist, Alden Edkins, basso, also Wednesday.
 8:30 A.M. Women and News—RED. Also Wednesday and Friday.
 11:15 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS. Also Tuesdays and Fridays.
 11:45 A.M. Dr. William L. Stidger, "Getting the Most Out of Life." Monday through Friday—BLUE.
 12:15 P.M. Irene Beasley's R.F.D. No. 1—CBS. Songs and comment of rural America.
 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—BLUE.
 5:30 P.M. March of Games—CBS. Program of entertainment for young children, with 14-year-old Arthur Ross as master-of-ceremonies. Also Wednesday.
 5:45 P.M. New Horizons—CBS. Program of Museum of Natural History. Captain Tim Healy's Stamp Club—BLUE. Stories in stamps. Also Thursdays.
 8:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance—BLUE.
 9:00 P.M. First Person Singular—CBS. Orson Welles, and Mercury Theater in dramatizations of great first-person stories.
 10:00 P.M. True or False—BLUE. Harry Hagen selects from the audience two teams of six members each. Survivor wins cash prize.
 10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum—BLUE. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington.

TUESDAY

- 8:15 A.M. Dick Leibert—BLUE. Organist and soloists. Also Thursdays and Saturdays.
 2:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over—BLUE. Human interest stories.
 2:30 P.M. NBC Music Guild—BLUE. Works in the Larger Forms for Smaller Instrumental Groups.
 3:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE. Thomas F. Darcy, Conductor.
 4:00 P.M. Highways to Health—CBS. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects.
 5:30 P.M. Nila Mack's Let's Pretend—CBS. Also Thursdays.
 6:00 P.M. Science in the News—RED. The news in the world of science.
 7:45 P.M. Roving Prof—RED. Sidelights of family life in the Orient.
 8:00 P.M. Four Corners Theater—CBS. America's popular rural plays.
 8:30 P.M. Information Please—BLUE. Questions to stump the experts.
 10:30 P.M. Summer Grant Park Concerts from Chicago—CBS.

WEDNESDAY

- 7:30 P.M. Living History—CBS. Treating American history as living events in dramatizations.

7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.

8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—RED.

The People's Platform—CBS. Four people from all classes and professions discuss all kinds of problems. Town Hall Big Game Hunt—RED. Norman Prescott conducts games.

9:00 P.M. The Word Game—CBS. Quiz on words.

10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done—CBS. Edgar A. Guest and Frankie Masters' orchestra.

THURSDAY

- 2:30 P.M. Light Opera—BLUE. Selections from favorite light operas. Of Men and Books—CBS. Books reviewed by Prof. Frederick of Northwestern University.
 6:00 P.M. George R. Holmes—RED. Commentator.
 8:00 P.M. Men Against Death—CBS. Dramatizations of Paul de Kruif's five books.
 9:00 P.M. Toronto Promenade Symphony Orchestra—RED.
 10:00 P.M. Essays in Music—CBS. Victor Bay and concert orchestra.
 10:30 P.M. Americans at Work—CBS. Interviews with workers in different industries, and descriptions of their work.

FRIDAY

- 2:00 P.M. United States Marine Band—BLUE. Capt. Branson, conductor.
 7:15 P.M. Music is My Hobby—BLUE. Featuring outstanding and professional business men whose hobby is music.
 7:30 P.M. Crickets—RED. Sound effects only. Listeners will be asked to guess titles of songs, complete plots of sketches and to name proverbs and quotations.
 7:30 P.M. Adventures in Science—CBS. Dramatizations of scientific advance, with prominent scientist as speaker.
 8:00 P.M. The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet—CBS. Dramatic sketches of a kindly ghost.
 9:30 P.M. The March of Time—RED.
 9:30 P.M. Spelling Bee—BLUE.

SATURDAY

- 8:00 A.M. Southernaires—BLUE.
 10:00 A.M. The Woman of Tomorrow—BLUE.
 10:30 A.M. The Child Grows Up—BLUE. Under auspices of Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor.
 11:00 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column—RED. In the Our American Schools Series.
 11:30 A.M. Half Past Eleven—RED. Program of ballad and semi-classical music by an instrumental ensemble.
 4:00 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED.
 6:45 P.M. Art of Living—RED. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.
 7:30 P.M. Uncle Jim's Question Bee—BLUE.
 7:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop—CBS. Experimental radio drama.
 9:00 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS. Questions and answers by the Professor, assisted by Bob Trout.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

WELL known to *Christian Herald* readers is Dr. William L. Stidger, clergyman, author and lecturer. As an author he needs no introduction, as a speaker he is probably familiar to many of you through his series of broadcasts, "Getting the Most Out of Life," which is heard Mondays through Fridays from 11:45 A.M. to 12:00 Noon, EDST, over the NBC-Blue Network. Dr. Stidger has held pastorates in San Francisco, Detroit, and Kansas City, and is at present pastor of the Morgan Memorial Church in Boston. He has lectured in England, Italy, France, China and Japan and has found time to write 35 books. The Boston clergyman's inspirational discussions are based on his own wide experiences and the conversations he has held with prominent people in many countries.

IN AN age of bustle, worry and depression, more and more people are turning to hobbies as a means of relaxation and sometimes profit. From six to ten different hobbyists from all parts of the world will have their chance each week to "lobby for their hobby." "Hobby Lobby," a program which takes Jack Benny's Sunday spot for the summer over the NBC-Red Network at 7:00 P.M., EDST, was voted by the nation's radio editors to be the "Outstanding Idea Show of 1937." The program will feature Dave Elman, avid student of hobbies, who, as master-of-ceremonies, will present people who have found their fun in such extraordinary hobbies as painting portraits on egg shells, collecting balls of string, and baby elephant hairs, and raising 600-pound snapping turtles.

FOR all his scholarly attainments, William Montgomery McCollum, professor of political science, is known on the Northwestern University Campus simply as "Bill." To you he is "The Roving Prof," a master story teller who broadcasts little known sidelights of family life in the Orient on Tuesdays at 7:45 P.M., EDST, over the NBC-Red Network. The Roving Prof started to live up to his title at the advanced age of six weeks. He began his travels then and has been traveling ever since. He is planning no pedagogical commentary on people and customs, he wants to show you the purely personal side of the Orient by taking you into the home of our Eastern neighbors.



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

With Benefit of {Juvenile} Clergy

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS man covered a wedding in Cleveland the other day and reported that there were "tears in the eyes of the bride" as the minister read the service "in a loud emphatic voice." The minister stood just three feet high in his little shoes; he was just eight years old. He had to stand on a chair.

We sympathize with the bride; there are tears in our eyes, too, as we read of these eight-year-old "ministers." We heard one a few weeks ago. It was pitiful. A sweet-faced youngster who should have been playing with her dolls was playing at preaching; she had in her audience at least fifty preachers who had studied religion for twenty years and who were still quite humble about it. Her gestures were painfully artificial; she rambled brazenly through a "sermon" that made us think of a vaudevillian's patter; her mother sat in a front row, prompting. (The eight-year-old parson of Cleveland, says his mother, needs a good spanking now and then!)

We don't doubt that a child has faith, or that at times "a little child shall lead them." We believe in

religious education for youth with all our hearts, and in a sensible expression of what they learn. All we are objecting to is the artificiality and the blasphemy of the parrot-like preaching and acting of a mother-prompted prodigy who is receiving his theological education in the third grade of the local public school.

Preaching is a serious business, a holy art. It is the Father's business. So seriously do the churches of America take it that they are insisting more and more that their preachers be college- and seminary-trained, in order that they may give intelligent expression to the faith that is within them. An eight-year old can hardly be expected to do that.

The only preaching worth while is the preaching of one whose faith has been tested in the fire, whose faith has clashed with the world and overcome the world. An eight-year-old exhibitionist hasn't had much of a chance to overcome anything.

But in the last analysis, it is not the child-prodigies who are to blame, so much as those who encourage them. So far as this wedding is concerned, the mind of the little preacher seems less juvenile to us than the minds of the bride and groom.

A T H O M E

WASHINGTON: Summer finds the capital in the grip of heat and political doldrums, almost as deserted as Cripple Creek. Having built a ceiling and a floor, the legislators have gone home to do a little fence-repairing; the President is fishing and touring the country. What he says on his tour will quite likely affect the makeup of the next Congress.

Meanwhile something bubbles in Washington beside the asphalt in the torrid street. There is that monopolies investigation, for instance. A committee of twelve, with a half-million dollar appropriation to work with, will go into an investigation of a "concentration of private power without equal in history," as the President has it. The possibilities involved are endless. The make-up of the Committee is interesting. Most prominent on it are old monopoly-haters Borah and O'Mahoney. Only one, Representative Eicher of Iowa, is a 100 per cent Rooseveltian. Some say he's 200 per cent.

One great danger threatens: the investigation may become too much concerned with the fall elections. If that happens most of its efforts will be wasted.

Some time before next year the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee will

spend its \$60,000 appropriation looking into either Frank Hague in Jersey City, the migrant workers in California or the labor situation in the South.

HIS HONOR THE MAYOR: Dapper, illiterate and bold, Mayor Hague of Jersey City argued this week in a Newark court with a C.I.O. attorney. While the argument settled nothing, it gave mayor and lawyer a chance to put their case in the headlines. And it gave the American public a good look at the mind of a dictator.

Running true to the dictatorial pattern, the Mayor suggests a purge (All "Reds," get out!) and a concentration camp (in Alaska.) He is, says His Honor, defending America against Communism. But he leaves America wondering whether the Fascism he offers is any more desirable than the Communism offered by Stalin. Neither to a fair mind, is American.

TAP, TAP, TAP: New York is the only State in the Union with a Constitution that does *not* secure its people against the "search and seizure" of the national Bill of Rights. A Constitutional Convention is meeting as we write, trying to put

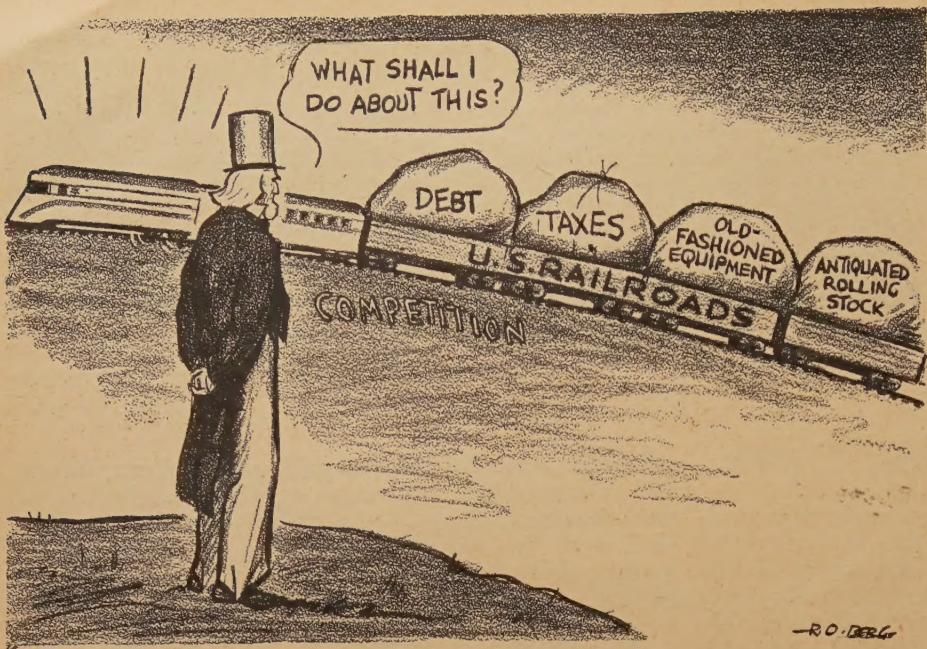
such a clause into the Empire State's Constitution; District Attorney Dewey is leading a fight to keep it out.

That may be a misstatement; what Dewey wants to keep out is any clause that will prohibit his men from tapping the phone wires of criminals, and using in court what they learn over the tapped wire. That can't be, says Dewey, for it was only by wire-tapping that the courts were able to convict such men as Al Capone, Lucky Luciano, Waxie Gordon and Dutch Schultz.

Governor Lehman opposes Dewey; so does dead Justice Holmes, who once said in a Supreme Court decision: "It is a lesser evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part."

In view of the national nature of American crime, the New York fight affects all of us. As it is now, no wire-tapped evidence can be used in a Federal court. Legislation to permit it failed in the last Congress. While we wait, crime marches on.

While Dewey waits, he is busy haling Jimmy Hines of Tammany Hall to court. If he succeeds in convicting him of complicity in the numbers racket, he will



A FEW STREAMLINED TRAINS CAN'T PULL THAT LOAD

have put an already terror-stricken Tammany Hall into the political electric chair.

DEATH IN FLORIDA: Hollow-eyed and doomed, 21-year old kidnaper Franklin Pierce McCall sits in a death cell, listening to the ticking of the clock. Out of his crime and conviction arise two ponderable conclusions:

The Cash case, in which he is the villain, turns out to be a triumph for law and order. Mob rule failed here, and the nation may be glad that it did. However richly the criminal may have deserved it, mob violence was outwitted and the American way of legal justice is given its innings. That is as it should be.

It is also a triumph for J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men. More and more do they prove their worth and value as society's first line of defense against gangdom and the killer. No body of protectors has ever been more effective anywhere—or more worthy of all the support a government can give it.

TRANSPORTATION: Slick, shiny, speedy, a brand new streamlined beauty of a railroad train glides out of New York for its first run to Chicago. It is impressive. But not impressive enough, not shiny enough to blind us to some sore railroad facts:

One-third of U. S. railroads are in the hands of receivers.

One-third more are on the thin edge of bankruptcy.

Thirty-seven of our largest roads are in the hands of the courts—with a debt of over three billions and an unpaid interest of five hundred millions.

Since 1930, railroad securities have dropped three billions.

What to do? Nobody has the solution, yet. Consolidation is dangerous; thousands would lose their jobs. Cutting wages would result in lower living standards, perhaps a wholesale strike, and would certainly give no permanent relief to anybody. The government will not allow any increase in freight rates; if this

were done, shippers would find some other means of transportation. Neither does the government—or the public—like the prospect of continued government subsidies or government ownership. Yet the roads can't go on as they are now, going deeper and deeper.

One Washington correspondent, in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, says the roads should go "through the wringer" and stop trying to serve "the public and Wall Street at the same time." But would there be anything left, after the wringer had done its best—or its worst? Perhaps, if both sides would give a little, the wringer would be unnecessary.

Yes, the new streamliner is a beauty, but no solution for what President Roosevelt calls "the most serious problem now confronting the country."

IOWA: Senator Gillette, victor by two to one over Administration's friend Otha Wearin, is planning his fight against Republican ex-Senator, Lester J. Dickinson, while the furor over the Wearin episode wears out. Before it is gone completely, we might list some reactions: (1) The victory is regarded in Iowa not as evidence of a party split, but as a triumph for a strong Democratic machine; (2) Washington really played safe in this election; Mr. Hopkins may have backed Mr. Wearin, but Mr. Farley backed Mr. Gillette, and the President invited the victor to lunch! (3) Less than half of those who voted for President in 1936 voted in this election. And (4) The real test as to whether Iowa is pro or anti-New Deal will come in November. Gillette is moderate New Deal; his Republican opponent is 100 per cent anti.

COMMUNISTS: For ten years the Communist Party has been hard-pressed for members and money; with an enrollment of 75,000, it has completely failed to put a candidate in high office. In the last May Day parade in New York, 300,000 marchers were "expected"; a scant 43,000 showed up.

Looking for paying members, the Communists have changed their front, modified their Leftism and approached the Roman Catholics. Now their slogan is "Peace and Democracy" and not "Down with Morgan;" they sing the Star Spangled Banner along with the Internationale. They quote Jefferson, Lincoln and the Bible. They said to the Catholics lately: "We Communists extend the hand of brotherly cooperation. . . ."

Replied the Catholics: "You're not fooling us."

SPIES: If the current spy-roundup continues, we will need a bigger and better prison for spies in the United States. At the moment we are arresting Germans; off and on, we pick up a Japanese with a camera; or a Russian, or . . . Our Secret Agents could probably put their hands on a thousand suspicious characters, if they wanted to.

There really isn't anything to worry about. Spying is a permanent feature of this armed-camp world, in peace times as well as in war time. We all do it; let's remember that there are American spies in every country worth spying on.

A B R O A D

CHINA: An American novelist has a good title and a poor book in "Of Time and the River." He might write a good book on China around those two words.

Time! Here is China's greatest ally. Her hope lies not in victory in any battle, but in dodging, harassing, prolonging. The war is costing Japan five million dollars a day; there is no limit on days, but a decided limit to millions.

The River! The Yangtse and the Yellow. The writer saw them both a little while back, and he has never seen more ominous-looking water anywhere. They call it "China's Sorrow" in Cathay; it now becomes Japan's Sorrow, changing the whole front, bogging down the Nipponese armies, wiping out dearly-purchased gains, prolonging the war when a quick decision is imperative.

Worried and anxious, the Japanese seek a speedy end to a bad venture in a series of civilian bombings that shock the world, gain her no friends, unite China more solidly than ever. It is the last frantic effort to put an end to a conflict that was supposed to last but a few weeks at most. Japan is plainly worried; China smiles passively, and fights on.

ROAD TO RUSSIA: What does Hitler want with Czechoslovakia? The answer is easy. He doesn't want Czechoslovakia at all. What he is after is the shortest road to the Ukraine and the Black Sea and Rumanian oil. That road runs along the northern border of Czech-land.

There are raw materials in the Ukraine, particularly foodstuffs of which Germany is desperately in need; hence we can expect Der Feuhrer to move for them in the Ukraine soon, and to move soon again for a restoration of Germany's lost African colonies.

Those who know say there will be no war between German and Czech. It will be done subtly. Germany will work for

cancellation of the Russo-Czech Mutual Assistance Pact, at cultivating mutual understanding. There is every indication that Poland and Rumania will work hand in hand with Germany.

It is better so; Germany, broke, preparing for war, is not yet ready for it. Witness the stopping of her troops by a mere show of Czech border armaments; also the fiasco of her tanks in marching in Vienna.

SYRIA: The trouble-theater shifts east. The province of Alexandretta steals the spotlight from Berlin, London and Rome.

Alexandretta lies in Syria, just below the Turkish border. Ruled by France for twenty years under a League of Nations mandate, its Arab-and-Turk population has quarreled continually, each trying to get the upper hand. France this month stepped in with an offer to Kemal Ataturk of Turkey, offering him concessions at Alexandretta in exchange for Turkish friendship.

It is a clever move. This man Kemal is a powerful man for any nation to gain as friend; he has lifted Turkey from the low estate of "Sick Man of Europe" to the status of a world power and master of the Eastern Mediterranean. As master, Britain, Italy, France, and Russia are alling all over themselves to get the Turk on their side. You see, he could open or close the Dardenelles gates in time of war.

Kemal knows that Hitler and Mussolini are looking East. Once he feared both of them. But now with Britain, France and Russia courting him, he feels safer. Watch him. He is destiny's darling.

PARIS: If you are accustomed to "view with alarm," you will be happy, in a mournful way, over the news from Paris. France has closed the Spanish frontier, despatched fast fighting-planes to chase the flying pirates who sneak over the Pyrenees, and announces that by 1940 he will have a million men under arms.

This is the most important action taken by the Chamber of Deputies since its election two years ago. It provides for the conscription, in war times, of men and women, industries, money, resources—everything. Why? "Germany has a million under arms," says Paris.

That's the way of armaments. It goes like this: You fear your neighbor, so you build a wall against him. He fears you: he builds a bigger wall. You build higher. He builds higher. Higher, higher, higher . . . until at last the crazy structure becomes top-heavy and trembles and topples and collapses, crushing both of you to death.

Is this never to end?

AUSTRIA: In the post-war famine of Austria, the U. S. shipped twenty-four million dollar's worth of flour on credit to Vienna. In 1923 and 1934, more money was borrowed from the U. S. and Europe. In 1930, J. P. Morgan and Company loaned Austria twenty-five millions more. Altogether, last month, Austria owed the world four hundred million dollars.

Austria, while she was still Austria, did her best to pay. Payments were up to date when Germany took over in June:

now Germany will pay no old Austrian debts.

The U. S. asked for its money. Answered Economics Minister Walther Funk: "Neither by international law nor in the interests of economic policy, nor morally, is there any obligation for the Reich to acknowledge legal responsibility for Austria's Federal debts . . ."

Soon after he said that, London journalists in Austria discovered that Dr. Sigmund Freud was allowed to "escape" from Vienna only after his friend Prince George of Greece paid a ransom of \$50,000. International law says nothing about such ransoms.

FIRE OVER THE ANDES: For the last one hundred years Bolivian and Paraguayan troops have threatened each other along the disputed Chaco border, spoiling for a fight. The situation is still hairtrigger; peace depends on how the people vote on the peace plan submitted by the conference which has just adjourned at Buenos Aires.

Why? The Chaco is one hundred per cent uninhabitable.

For more than one hundred years Ecuador and Peru have squabbled over Oriente, a border territory about the size of the State of New York. All attempts at arbitration have failed. A Commission meeting in Washington, trying to settle it, is ready to go home; troops, planes, supplies, line the border and feeling is at fever-pitch in Quito and Lima. It may be another Chaco.

Why? Both countries are already torn with internal troubles. Why take on Oriente, which means more trouble? This writer can't even guess.

LONDON: The non-intervention committee seems to have gotten around at last to a little non-intervening. London says that the Big Five in Europe (Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Russia) have agreed at last to get out of Spain and leave the war to the Spaniards. They hope to get out in thirty days. Well . . .

Only two things stand in their way. They must have the cooperation of both Rebels and Loyalists; that may be hard to get. They must spend millions to bring those volunteers out . . . and who has millions now? It will be a great trick if they can do it.

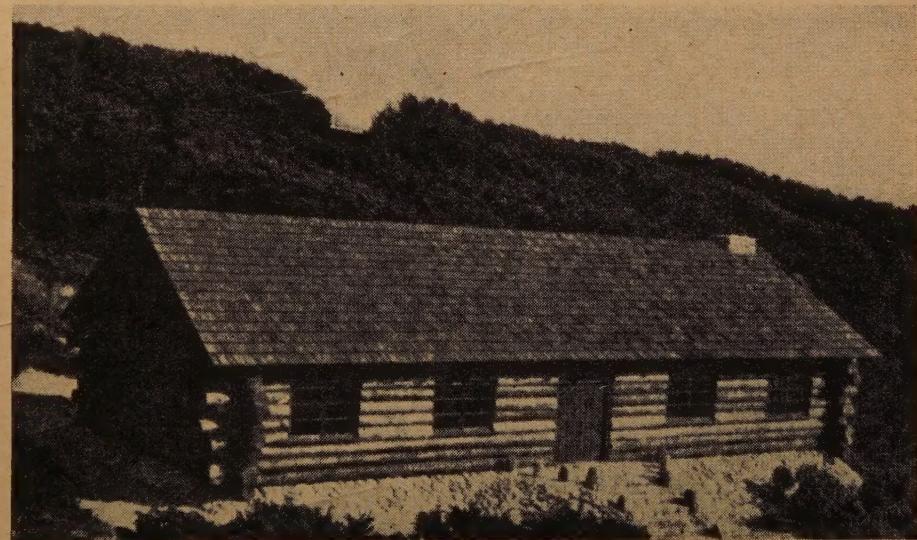
Russia is complicating it. She says she sees no reason why she should pay to send home the volunteers of Italy and Berlin. There's a deal of truth, we must admit, in that. No one yet has reported any Russian troops in Spain.

TEMPERANCE

YOUTH 'FESSES UP: Here's bad news. Out of 13,528 Maryland young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, in every kind of neighborhood, every economic, social, educational and intellectual level:

52.9% say they drink;
19.3% oppose drinking;
27.8% didn't indulge but don't object to anyone else indulging.

So says a survey published in a book called "Youth Tells Its Story," just published by the American Youth Commiss-



The Abraham Lincoln cabin in Rebild National Park, Denmark, (described in Mr. Mortensen's article in the July Christian Herald). Young Lincoln would have thought this Danish conception of his cabin a veritable palace

SAN MARINO: The smallest nation in the world is thirty-two-square-mile San Marino, perched on a mountain in northeastern Italy. Being small, San Marino behaves itself and plays safe.

In 1932, there was a Fascist majority in her Grand Council; last week she elected a one hundred per cent Fascist Council. At its head sit two uniformed Fascisti Captain's Regents, on a throne.

And now we hear of a new San Marino postage stamp, bearing the face of Abraham Lincoln. Still playing safe!

sion. The book also tells us that the boys were more likely to drink than the girls, although about half the girls (44.7%) said they drank. Fewer Negro youth than white drank, fewer Protestants than Roman Catholics. More than half the boys and a third of the girls who were under twenty-one said they indulged.

YOUTH IN JAIL: Having reported that youth in Maryland drinks, suppose we take a good look at youth and alcohol in general: at what happens after youth

tips the elbow. The Uniform Crime Reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation reports that thirty-eight per cent of all liquor law violations, thirty-six per cent of all intoxicated driving, and twenty-nine per cent of all drunkenness, is attributed to offenders twenty-nine years of age or under.

And Supt. John C. Evans of the Oregon State Hospital for the Insane tells us that from a low of three and six tenths per cent of men committed for alcoholic psychosis in 1926, the percentage has jumped to nineteen and nine tenths per cent in 1937. We'd like to know the ages of his inmates.

NORMAL SCHOOL PROHIBITION: Illinois State Normal University has put up the bars against freshmen with flasks. In the catalogue for this year, entering students are warned: "The University does not hesitate to express itself on the matter of admitting or continuing students who use intoxicating liquors. . . . The use of such intoxicants on or off the campus will not be permitted and the deviation from this regulation calls for the severance of connections with the school." Other college papers, please copy.

LABOR LOSES: A million dollars spent for furniture would employ 339 persons; spent for boots and shoes, 336 persons; for home furnishings, 191 persons; But a million dollars spent for booze gives employment to just 95 persons.

Yes, booze put the nation back to work!

A CRUSADER PASSES: At eighty-nine, Mrs. Mary E. Perine is dead, in Orange, N. J. A crusader passes with her, a crusader of a vanishing species. She was the teacher of Arthur Brisbane, and the friend of Frances E. Willard. She remembered well a little terror named Carry Nation; she was something of a terror herself. Once when she was eighty-four, she turned up at a license hearing at Town Hall, spurned a seat, stayed on her feet and reeled off such a fiery speech against the granting of the liquor license that the applicant fled for his life!

And she hated tobacco almost as much as she hated liquor. Once, when her husband was nominated for the superintendency of the Orange M. E. Church Sunday School, Mrs. Perine got to her feet and voted "No!" Her husband smoked.

RESPECTABILITY, PLUS: The Hon. E. C. Drury, ex-Premier of Ontario, says this:

"I think if I were interested in the manufacture or sale of liquor, I would regard government control as being the most admirable system that could be devised, because (1) it removes from the drink traffic its ancient stigma and makes it respectable; (2) it puts the drink traffic behind the needs of the public treasury; and (3) it opens up a field of reputable consumption which never before has been touched." He said something!

TOO MUCH IS SOLD? Says the Richmond *Times Dispatch* of April 5: "Approximately seventy-five per cent of the indictments returned by the grand jury of the U. S. District Court for the April term, charged violation of the Internal

Revenue Tax Act in connection with the manufacture, handling, transportation and sale of moonshine whisky."

The *Times* concludes that seventy-five per cent is too much.

TOO LITTLE IS SOLD? The liquor trade monthly, *Spirits*, laments the falling-off of sales in summer; the liquor sale at retail is \$135,000,000 in December, only \$75,000,000 in July and August. The lament continues: "Producers and wholesalers are not far from the day when they will be willing to sit back in quiet acquiescence and permit their invested capital to remain idle eight- or nine-tenths of the time."

"Not enough is being sold here!" Is enough ever sold? Is the brewer ever satisfied? Can there ever be a balance in such a business between too little and too much? We think not.

CRIME A DISEASE? In a letter addressed to District of Columbia Commissioner, Melvin E. Hazen, Wilbur La



Courtesy Moody Bible Institute Acme Photo
Rev. Irwin Moon, while preaching one of his "Sermons from Science," stands barefooted on a coil, while a million volts of electricity pass through his body and spray from his fingertips

Roe Jr., Chairman of the Civic Affairs Committee of the Federation of Churches, poses a question: "The treatment by the District of Columbia of intoxication cases shows no improvement. . . . Our present treatment of convicted inebriates is cruel and medieval. We cast them into jail for short periods and then kick them out. Then we put them in again and release them again. . . . When shall we come to realize that alcoholism is a disease and not a crime?"

It could be both.

KILLING ITSELF: The liquor traffic reminds us at times of a copperhead snake we once saw; wounded by a farmer's scythe, the copperhead turned and bit itself to death. The booze barons may be doing that.

The Franklin County (Ohio) Retail Liquor Dealer's Association announced lately the establishment of a vigilance department to aid in the enforcement of liquor laws. And then there is that ad of a leading whisky house which starts:

"You're a hero to your son!" (it's directed at the Dads of the land), and concludes "Nothing is so disillusioning to the clear eyes of a youngster as the sight of a man—his own father—who has used liquor unwisely."

It's a queer reasoning. First they sell the stuff that produces crime, then they form a vigilance committee to fight the crime they produce. They beg for a heroic manhood while they put in the hands of Dad the very stuff that steals his manhood.

I'd hate to be mixed up in a business like that!

CHURCH NEWS

THE FARMER SAYS NO: *Successful Farming* is a most successful magazine with a large circulation. One of the most successful columns in the paper is one called "The Farmer Speaks." Last month, through a poll, the farmer spoke out in this column on the question: "Do you think the rural church has failed you and your family?"

The response was a more nearly unanimous vote than on any other question ever to appear in the column. Eighty-eight per cent of the farmers said, "No. We have failed the Church!" Twelve per cent said, "Yes. The church has failed us in failing to preach the Gospel."

That eighty-eight per cent looks good to some of us who have been worrying about the condition of the rural meeting-house. Perhaps if we knew as much about it as the farmer knows, we wouldn't be worried.

A "SHOCKING" SERMON: Rev. Irwin A. Moon, of Los Angeles, who also conducts a Science course for the Moody Bible Institute, believes that Science enlarges and confirms the accuracy of Religion. In one of his "Sermons from Science," Mr. Moon electricifies his audience by climbing barefooted upon the coil, and letting a million volts of electricity pass through his body and spring crackling into the air from his fingertips, which are covered with thimbles. This is the climax of his "shocking" sermon.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL: There's a feeling abroad that Episcopalians are exclusive. That is quite wrong, if the recent moves toward denominational cooperation in the Episcopal Church mean anything at all.

The gesture of the Episcopalians toward the Presbyterian camp has already been mentioned. Up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the first all-Bridgeport union worship service, designed to promote Christian unity and warmly backed by the Protestant Episcopal churches, brought out an ecclesiastical League of Nations. In the audience were representatives of Baptist, Presbyterian, German Methodist, Protestant Episcopal, Lutheran, Congregational, Polish National, Catholic, Rumanian, Greek Orthodox, Christian Union, Swedish Congregational, African M. E., and Evangelical and Reformed Churches.

That looks a bit inclusive to us.

Down South, the East Carolina Diocese of the Episcopal Church has said some-

thing we've wanted long to hear said: it has asked radio broadcasters to eliminate "much of the jazz and secular music" now being heard on Sunday programs. We're for it. Let's keep Sunday!

JUBILEE CONVENTION: On the evening of August 2nd, Dan Poling will be presented with a gavel at a banquet in Melbourne, Australia. He'll use it in keeping order (!) at the sessions of the 10th World's Christian Endeavor Convention.

This is a little more than a convention. It is a jubilee. Just fifty years ago a sailor lad from Newburyport, Mass., came shore in Melbourne with an Endeavor tract in his pocket. He left it behind him; from that tract as a starting-point, he left behind him a C. E. society in nearly every port in the world.

It was the Australian C. E., appropriately enough, that originally suggested World Alliance of C. E. Societies, and an Australian Endeavorer, Rev. W. J. Closs, served as its first Secretary.

THE FRIENDS: While the world beacons dictators and the flood of refugees pouring out of Europe, the Society of Friends, as usual, moves quickly, constructively. What they have done in poor Spain is an old story. There's a new story in the sailing of a group of Friends to open soup kitchens in Vienna; in the story of eleven Institutes of International Relations held on college campuses from Maine to California during June and July. Non-sectarian, non-political, they were sponsored by the Congregationalists and the Friends, for the purpose of training 200 people to carry on peace-education in their home towns.

Biggest story of all is that of the Nazi refugee colony on the banks of the Hudson, opposite Hyde Park. Intended as a congenial home for Austrian and German refugees of limited means, it will shelter largely a professional group—doctors, lawyers, teachers, writers, musicians, artists. There will be about forty of them, two-thirds refugees, one-third Americans who will interpret American language and customs and hospitality.

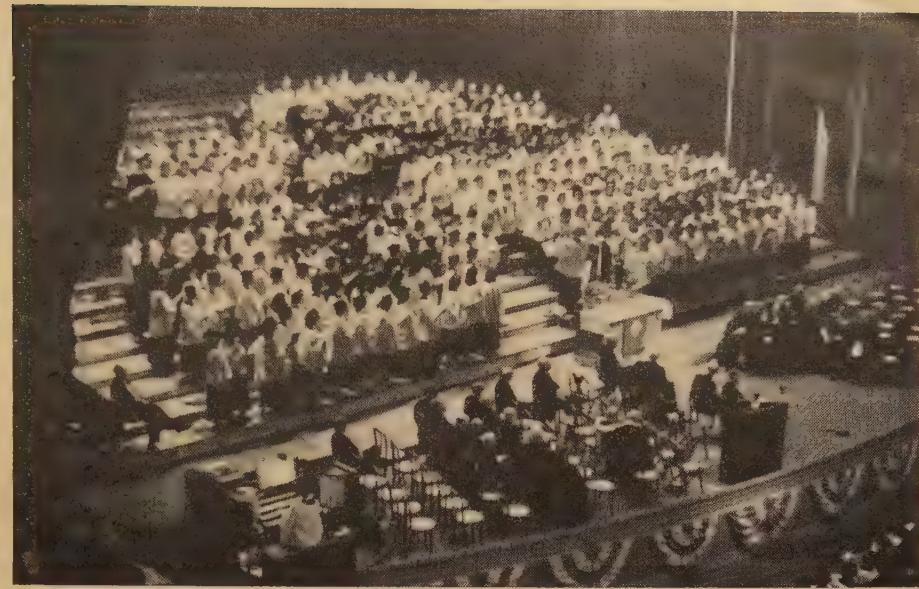
This is Christianity in action.

BIRDIES AND FISH: That preacher up in New England who went fishing for sh on Sunday, when he should have been singing for men in his pulpit, evidently has become the charter member of the "Let's Close-The-Church-On-Sunday-Society."

St. Paul's Methodist Church of South Bend, Indiana, announces a seven A.M. Sunday service for golfers and fishermen who want to get away early on their quest for birdies on the course and fish in the river.

The Rev. Emerson W. Harris of Butte, Montana, speaks up with this: "I want to do some fishing this summer, and I have a good idea that my congregation has sailings in that direction also, so hereafter the Sunday services will be held on Wednesday." It looks like a good idea, except that the congregation may decide to fish on Wednesdays; too. What then?

First prize, however, goes to the Madison County Ministerial Association, in Iowa: Sunday evening services here are broadcast to church members as they sit in their own front porches.



Courtesy National Lutheran Council

Scene in the convention Hall at Philadelphia during one of the sessions of the Lutheran Tercentenary, commemorating the three-hundredth anniversary of the Lutheran Church in the United States

PRESBYTERIANS IN THE U.S.A.: One thing we can be sure about, in this Church: it is going in strong for organic union. The most characteristic effort of the 150th General Assembly, just held in Philadelphia, was its move in that direction.

A Southerner, Dr. Charles W. Welch, of Louisville, was elected Moderator; his first words were: "The Kingdom of God would be greatly advanced by the union not only of Presbyterianism but of all evangelical bodies in this country. It should take place at once." Then they voted to enter the new World Council of Churches.

The Assembly also accepted, with but three dissenting votes, the invitation of the Protestant Episcopal Church to formulate plans for achieving organic union between the two denominations; that is a long step forward.

PRESBYTERIANS IN THE U. S.: The news that the Southern branch of the Presbyterians has dropped its Committee on Cooperation and Union will be received in some quarters as a step backward; as a matter of fact, it is a step ahead. This Committee has been dropped only to form a larger body that will deal with the question from a different and more effective angle.

The new Committee is composed of one member from each Synod; this places the question of reunion with the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. directly before the state Assemblies for discussion and decision. It is a time-and-labor-saving gesture.

Decidedly for this inter-Church cooperation, the Southern Church is decidedly opposed to cooperation with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Again they have voted to stay out of the Council, which they feel is "moving away from the conservative and toward modernism," and entering into objectionable "political controversies." The vote, however, was fairly close: 48 presbyteries voted to stay out, 38 to go in.

THE CLERICAL MIND: It is interesting to watch the way the clerical mind changes with the times. Right after the Armistice, preachers were pacifists; most of them said "Never again!" But they are not pacifists now. Ethiopia, Spain and Canton have made them think twice—and differently.

All over America there is a call for a boycott against aggressor nations, and in nine States out of ten the clergy are clamoring loudest for it. The Executive Council of the United Church of Canada has asked the Dominion government to clamp down a war-materials embargo against Japan. The Federal Council in the U. S. calls on labor, commercial and transportation groups to "make sacrifices" and stop shipping the sinews of war. Every major church convention during the last two months has either sanctioned a boycott or defeated such sanction by a narrow margin.

The demand for boycott arises out of our revulsion over civilian bombings and slaughter; being human and likewise Christian, can we do anything but object? And being human and also Christian, is it possible for any of us to stay neutral, while every high precept of humanity and Christianity is in danger of being wiped out? Can we stay neutral?

LUTHERAN TERCENTENARY: In its excitement over the visit of royalty, embodied in the Crown Prince of Sweden, the general public almost ignored the purpose of his visit, which was to attend the tercentenary of the establishment of the Lutherans in America. But that event was of far more importance than the later royal visit, graceful and pleasing as that was; for the Lutheran Church is now the third largest Protestant Church in America, and a power for good everywhere. The Tercentenary Convention at Philadelphia was an impressive and triumphant meeting; a part of one of its sessions is pictured on this page. Together with all Christian people the world over, *Christian Herald* hails the great Lutheran Church.

At Last

By Grace Noll Crowell



I used to pray to a God in the sky,
To an austere God, remote and apart,
Striving to reach Him with my cry,
And all the while in my waiting heart
God was there, and I did not know
That safe in the shadows, cool and dim,
Like Mary of Bethany, long ago,
I, too, could talk with Him.

All the while in my heart a guest,
Waiting for me to understand
That there in the quietness I could rest,
And hear His voice and touch His hand!
Closer than breathing, or hands, or feet,
I have found Him at last—now with lifted eyes
I wait by His side, and His voice is sweet,
And His words are kind and wise.

August
1938

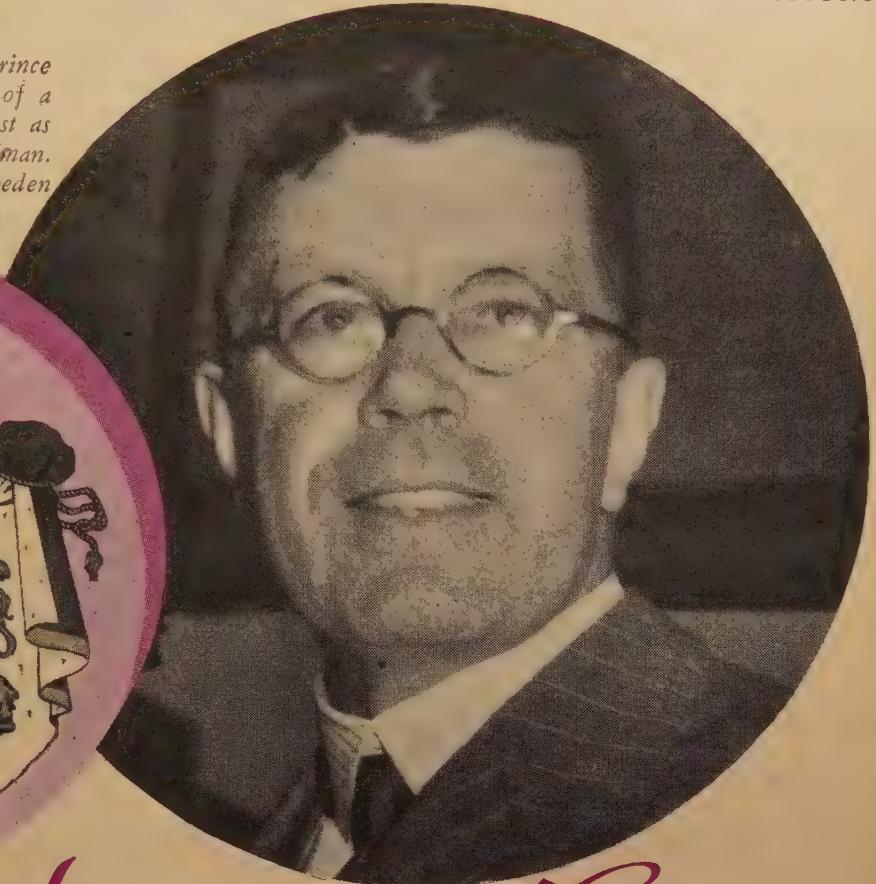


CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Crown Prince

Gustav Adolf of Sweden, descendant of a long line of royalty, is nevertheless just as human and democratic as any ordinary man. Below, The Royal Coat of Arms of Sweden.



By

FRANK S.
MEAD

Humanity in Ermine

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, is the most upsetting individual I have ever met. He disillusioned me and makes you like it; he takes your good democratic prejudices against royalty and thrones and knocks them sky-high and makes you think better of crowned heads and scepters. At least he did that to me.

I entered his presence believing that kings and princes and dynasties royal existed mainly to perpetuate themselves; that they demanded knee-bending and heel-clicking as a matter of course; that they maintained their power by insistence on acknowledgement of the divine right of kings. I expected Crown Prince Gustav Adolf to be like that—one who, haughtily, would "bear like the Turk no rival near the throne," one whose ermine grandeur made mere humanity, like me in a business suit, quail and hold peace. Instead I found a very, very human being, more democratic than seven-tenths of the Americans I call friend. This was not ermine signifying humanity, but vice versa: it was humanity gracing the ermine.

There was, for instance, that moment

An Interview With The Crown Prince of Sweden

of our entry into his room. It was a sick-room. We were a little tremulous about going in, for a prince in pain is a bit more difficult for the interviewer than a happy and healthy king upon his throne. Come to America to help us celebrate the Tercentenary of the landing of the Swedes on our soil in 1638, he was stricken ill aboard the liner *Kungsholm* and rushed to hospital in New York. We knew in our hearts, when we asked for the interview, that we would be blasted with a withering "No!" But he said "Yes. Come in."

We entered the darkened room, caught sight of a head among the pillows, made ready to click our heels and bow a not too un-American bow. He stopped it:

"Hello! How are you?" He reached out to shake hands and then pointed to an easy chair. "Sit down, won't you?" A wide warm smile thawed out whatever ice there was left in the room, and we settled down to talk, not as king to commoner, but as man to man.

We mentioned offhand, some of the things *Christian Herald* is interested in: religion, peace, youth, temperance, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We hinted that we might start with a discussion of things in Sweden. We should have started with brotherhood. Let me explain:

When this Crown Prince reached his ninth birthday, in 1891, his wise father, the King, told him that he was to select his own birthday present from his parents. That was a large order, and a somewhat dangerous one for a nine-year-old. As Prince he could have demanded almost anything. We would expect him to ask for a nice big white warhorse, or a toy battleship or command of a regiment of the King's men. He asked for a book on geology, "The Earth," by a famous Swedish scientist and explorer. The *Earth!* Remember that. It means something.

While the warriors and empire-builders of Europe were marching and counter-

marching, seizing empires and losing them, the Crown Prince was studying science. This was strange, for on his father's side he is descended from one of Napoleon's great generals, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte; on his mother's side he is of the line of the Vasa Dynasty which gave us the great Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. Yet soldiering is not his greatest interest. Holding a commission in the Swedish army, he goes in for archeological expeditions, scientific research, cultural activities, Chinese art, Greek ruins, athletics and Boy Scouts. In other words, his interests are earth-wide and not strictly national. So, for that matter, have been the interests of the whole Bernadotte family; from the first of them, they have been musicians, poets, painters, writers. At this Crown Prince's side is the versatile and attractive Crown Princess Louise, granddaughter of the great Victoria. Daughter of a British admiral, she has made her home in all corners of the earth; her attitude reflects it. She is charming; next time they come to America, I want an interview with *her*.

But to return to the Crown Prince: something was mentioned about the Boy Scouts. He took it up immediately:

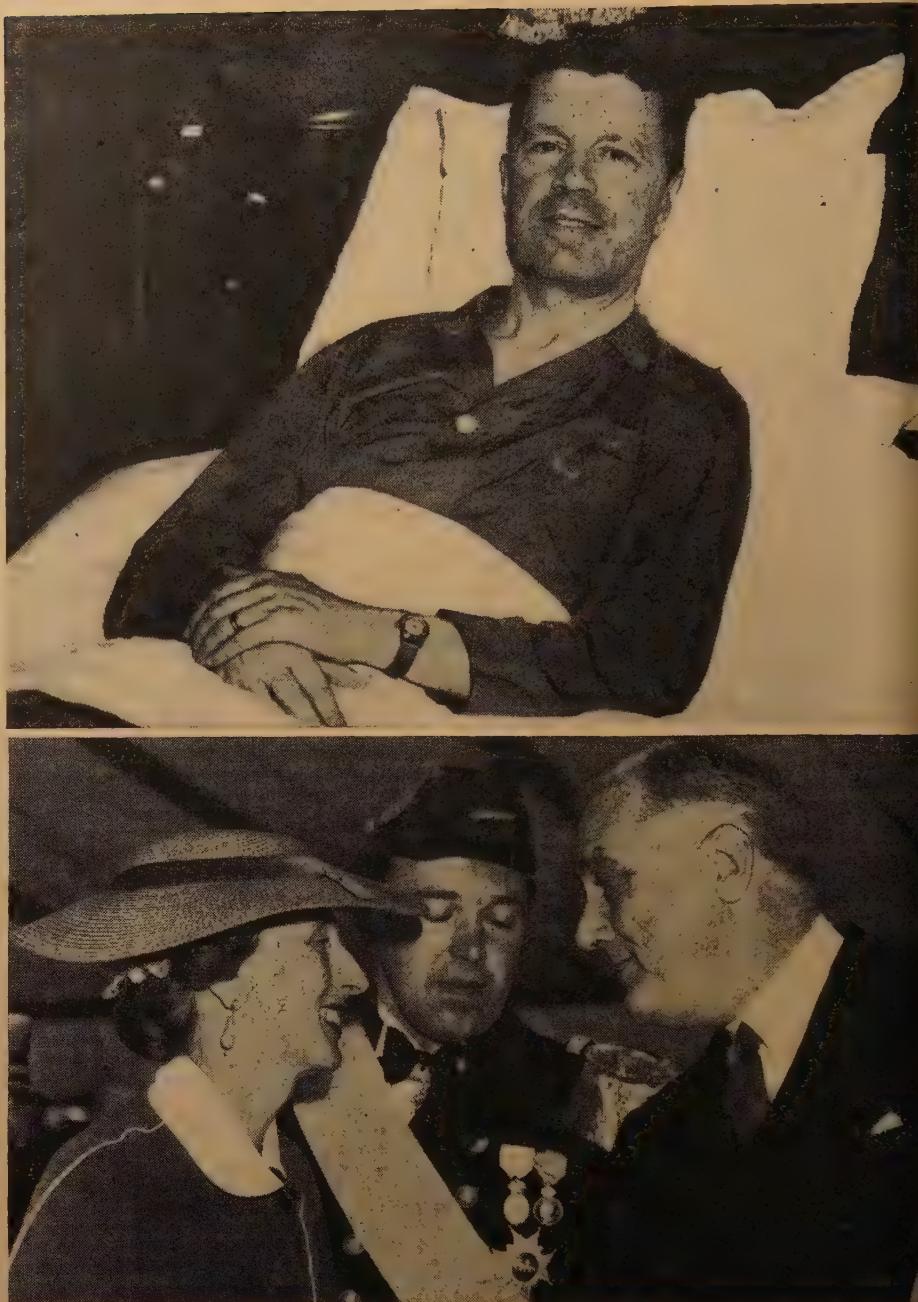
"There is one of the finest movements in the world. It's an excellent thing, and I'm for it. My eldest son, Gustav Adolf, has been chairman of the Swedish Boy Scout Council since 1932, and I envy him. I'm enthusiastic about Scouting, because it takes boys out into the open, where they belong; it gives them the exercise and the early discipline they all need. More than that, it gives them a wider view of things. It gets them across their national boundaries. They have those big international Jamborees; I can't think of anything more valuable to the future than that.

"You know, nine-tenths of the trouble in this world happens because we just don't understand each other; most of our bitterness and strife and fighting comes because we never have a chance to get together and talk things over. These Scouts get together while they're still young. Boys in their 'teen ages haven't learned to hate; that comes later. You stall off that hatred, you see, when you put boys from Germany and America and Italy and Sweden and England under the same tent. You teach them that under the skin they're all the same. They learn that they're all human, all with the same aspirations and ideals and hopes and fears.

"Yes, I like that Jamboree idea. It's an adventure in international cooperation and understanding, and we all need a lot of that, just now. Don't we?"

From the Scouts we got into athletics; we fell to talking about the famous Swedish system of gymnastics at which the Prince is an adept. At one time or another he has skied, swam, jumped, run, thrown the discus in contests; he holds the Gold Insignia of the Swedish Athletic Association, one of the most difficult honors in athletics, and he won it in open competition. For some years he was head of the National Sports and Athletic Commission; he was prominently concerned in the Olympics held in Stockholm in 1912, and again in those held at Paris, in 1924. He loves the Olympics; they are a gesture in international good will.

A strong mind in a strong body: any-



thing that contributes to that, he's for. He mentioned, as we talked on, one phase of health that *Christian Herald* has long been interested in:

"I am a total abstainer."

We gasped. A Crown Prince, from Europe. . . .?

"Yes. I believe in total abstinence. I believe in it first of all in the interests of good health. For years I went all over Sweden talking about it and of course, when a man advocates a thing in public he has to practice it, in order to be consistent and sincere, in private. I try to practice what I preach. I leave it alone."

We'd heard rumors of that before we met him, but it was good to hear him verify it. Members of his entourage told us that he never drank a toast at any Swedish dinner or social affair in wine or liquor; the glass of the Crown Prince holds water, nothing more. His nation honors him for it.

"Now don't misquote me," he cautioned. "I am not lecturing you, nor your America, on the liquor question. That would

be presumption on my part, for after all I am your guest. I am simply saying that so far as I am concerned I do not drink because I think it would set a bad example if I did. I couldn't boast Scouting and athletics and liquor in the same breath. I'm for abstinence as a principle. You understand?"

It was clear enough.

From there the conversation drifted to the Church. It was a natural progression, at least to me, from temperance to the institution that has done most for temperance in the United States. We imagined that the same situation held in Sweden. What should the Church do about temperance?

"Teach it, of course," he replied. "Teach it for all the Church is worth. It benefits man, doesn't it? Then the Church should get behind it. Put this down in your notebook: *I believe the Church has a clear duty to stand and fight for whatever benefits humanity.*"

Now that may seem like a commonplace statement to you, but just sit back and



Page 12. The Crown Prince in his state room aboard the Swedish-American liner, Kungsholm, where he was detained by illness from attending the tercentenary celebration of Swedish colonization on the Delaware. Lower picture, left to right, Crown Princess Louise of Sweden, her son, Prince Bertil, and President Roosevelt at the Centenary Celebration. This page, top, the Swedish Royal Band, in front of the statue erected on the spot where the first Swedish Colonists landed. Next, Crown Prince Gustav Adolf, talking for the benefit of news camera-men aboard the Kungsholm



think what it means for a man like this to make such a pronouncement. To me, it is the most significant thing he had to say. When we realize that the Crown Prince is not of the American Church but of the Swedish, and that he does not have behind him the social passion of our

Protestantism, and furthermore that such a statement is an indication of deep independent thinking, it is all the more remarkable.

There is with us a tremendous social emphasis in religion. Our fight for temperance and education and clean politics is an illustration of that. But these are not a part of organized Christianity in Sweden. They can't be a part, for the whole situation is entirely different. There is no need, no call for such social passion over there; the social and political and economic reforms we are crying for in America have been enjoyed in Sweden for years back; they have long ago accomplished what we are floundering towards now. They would probably be the last ones on earth to claim that they had reached perfection in their society; I suppose they still have jails. Yet little Sweden—and the fact that she is so much smaller than the United States has helped her—little Sweden has gone far, far ahead of us in solving these problems.

Their Church is not concerned, for the reason that it does not have to be concerned. The State is already social, and the great social preacher; the Church's preachers can turn to other concerns. Bishop Edward Rhode, who is in America



Wide World Photos

in the Crown Prince's party, told us in another interview that there is a trend in the Swedish Church away from the old emotionalism and toward what he called "reasonableness." Not toward rationalism, which is the intellectual explaining-away of the secrets and powers of mysticism, but toward reasonableness: toward the intelligent expression of the faith that is within them.

And what a faith there has been, what a faith there is now within that Swedish-Lutheran breast! A fitting and thrilling part of this Tercentenary Celebration was

that great mass-meeting in Philadelphia. Thousands of American Lutherans and nearly a thousand Swedish visitors sang together "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," honoring Torkillus, Companius, Fluvander, Campanius, Fabricius and Lock, the ministers who planted the Lutheran faith in America and raised the cross high over the Middle Colonies. It is still high, down there. . . .

So the Crown Prince, leading layman in a non-social-crusading Church, declares himself on the duty of the Church in "whatever benefits humanity!" He was in no way obligated to say that; it is clear that he, too, is indulging in the trend toward reasonableness in faith in his country. If ever in my life I have heard a reasonable, challenging conception of what religion should be and do, I heard it from him.

He sees the Church as something more than a local influence. Interested, of course, in Christianity in Sweden first of all, he passes quickly to a larger view. He seemed a little irked as we tried to localize the Church. He thought of it in world-terms. ("The Earth," again.) He said:

"I am deeply interested in Christianity as a world-force. I see it, if you get what I mean, as a sort of universal language we can all talk and understand, the common speech of love. You know, away back in 1925 we had in Stockholm a big religious gathering that I shall never forget. It was called the Universal Christian Conference in Life and Work; it was the Universal aspect that gripped me. My good friend Bishop Söderblom of Stockholm called that Conference, I think; at least he was instrumental in getting it together, and a leading light in its discussions. It brought together the leading churchmen of more than one hundred branches of the Christian Church, from all over the world. They didn't meet to squabble over their differences, but to talk about the great underlying truths that made them great and made them one, separated organically as they were. For three weeks they studied the work of the Church and faced up to its obligations to the social and economic problems of the nations and of the world at large. I was mightily interested to discover that they spent so much of their time talking world peace!"

"It was a wonderful gathering. To see them meeting, not as diplomats trying to get the best of each other and grab off plums for this nation or that, but as a common humanity trying to understand each other and help the world out of its modern morass—that was thrilling.

"Think of it. These men came to our country from every country on earth, and then they went back to every country on earth, telling what they had seen and heard and learned of each other. The influence of that sort of thing does more for the peace and progress of the world than any of us can imagine."

It struck me as unusual that the Crown Prince, living in a nation that has been the envy of the world in the matter of being at peace for over a century, should be so concerned with the peace of the rest of us.

Sweden is happily isolated from the military furore of armed-camp Europe; such an isolation (*Continued on page 48*)



Illustrator EARL KIRKBRIDE

LITTLE boys so rarely remain true to their first ambitions. When they do, it is something genuine, something to be respected and encouraged, something beautiful in its sincerity. Jamie Lawrence loved boats. He had loved them consciously since he was six, but love of boats had been present in his heritage from the day of his birth. His grandfather, old Captain Zephaniah Sloane, had been master of a freight steamer plying between Norfolk, Baltimore, and points in North Carolina. Captain Zephaniah spent his life in the bay and tidal river trade; but he was happiest when his vessel skirted the coast, for then he was in the Atlantic where his forebears had gone proudly in sail.

When old Zephaniah found that his daughter, Sarah, had chosen to share the meager living of James Lawrence, a clerk in the offices of the Coastal-Tidal Line, he was not pleased. "I ain't been able to give you luxury," he told his motherless daughter, "but you have had comfort, and you'll not get it off of a clerk's salary."

Sarah had said chokingly, "But, Daddy, I love him," and had cried on old Zephaniah's shoulder; and Zephaniah, remembering what Hattie's parents had had to say about a son-in-law who "went by water," soothed her and gave his consent.

The struggle to live on James Lawrence's earnings was hard, although old Zephaniah helped until he died. Sarah made the best of things because she loved James, and because the birth of Jamie brought out in her a strength to endure and a genius for economy which she had never needed in the days before her marriage. James Lawrence died of pneumonia when Jamie was three. Even then, Sarah might have managed fairly well if the failure of the Foundation Trust Company had not swept away what remained of her father's legacy after the expenses of James's illness and burial were paid.

PERFECT IN DETAIL

A Story of a Little Boy Who Loved Boats

By ALICE COWLES MORRIS

Jamie was six when he first saw a white-winged yacht skimming the waters of the "Basin." The sun was glancing from the little ripples that the wind threw up. Small craft at anchor lunged impatiently back and forth. Men hustled busily to and fro on the dingy docks at the far side of the "Basin." To Jamie's bewildered gaze there was so much to see, so much that was new, that he had half-turned in terror and shyness to hide his face against his mother's worn coat, when suddenly through the opened drawbridge the sailboat had come gliding, regal with wings, breath-takingly beautiful. Jamie had left

his mother's side, had taken three steps forward to stand alone, face upturned worshipfully, eyes shining, until the boat had gone to anchor in one of the miniature coves between two spurs of wharf.

Sarah Lawrence had bent over him and said, "Do you like the boats, darling?"

And Jamie had answered rapturously, his gaze still fastened on the "Basin" with its sparkling waters dotted with craft of all kinds, "Oh, yes, yes."

He had not wanted to go home until twilight had come on and a chill wind had sprung up to succeed the milder afternoon breeze. His mother had humored him, had sat shivering with him on a bench placed a few feet from the sea wall, had answered his eager questions as best she could, and had respected his long rapt silences.

Sarah Lawrence realized then that in-

advertently she had been depriving Jamie of something that was rightfully his. She had been struggling so hard for sustenance for them both that there had been no time to seek out a hunger in the child's soul, no time to think about feeding his imagination with a wholesome ideal, only time and effort to feed his growing body.

Some of this Sarah Lawrence had tried to express to Jamie when they were eating their scanty supper that night.

"Mother would have taken you to see the boats long ago, darling," she said, "but she has to sew as much by daylight as she can."

Jamie looked up from his plate and smiled. "Couldn't you take me on Sunday, Mother? You never sew then."

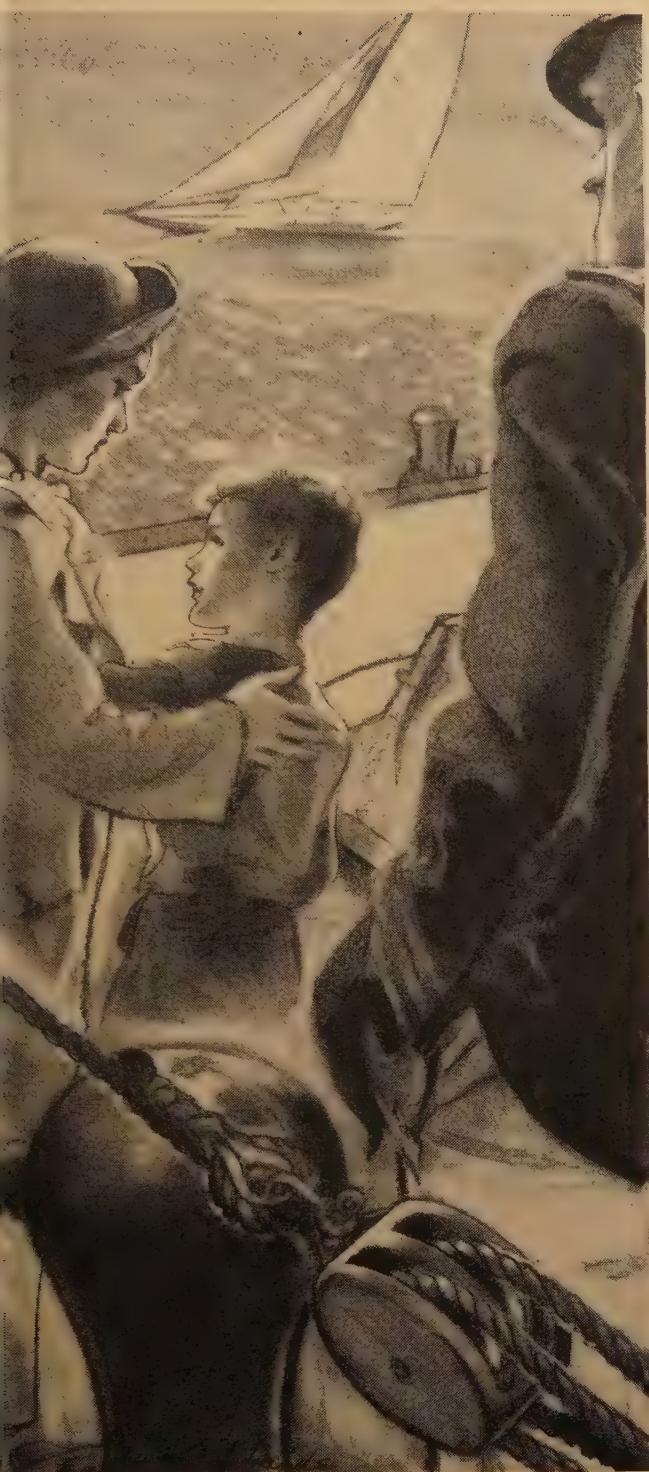
Sarah Lawrence sighed. On Sundays she usually felt too tired and too conscious of her shabby clothes to go farther than the neighboring church where others of the district went, and where shabbiness was not exceptional. Yet this was a thing which she could not deny to her child, and she gave her promise.

The lower end of Windsor Avenue has in it little to feed the soul of a boy who revels in the freedom of blue water and the lithe grace of sailing craft. There graciousness exists in the name only, and that name is a travesty, a travesty on all the decencies of living. East Windsor Avenue is a street of broken houses, like shiftless and dejected human beings; the few whole dwellings on the street are made more shabby by the proximity of their dilapidated neighbors. There families live huddled in rooms; there squalor has laid its grim and grimy hand.

Jamie and his mother had the third floor back of No. 119. Sarah Lawrence had her sewing-machine at the one window. Jamie's cot stretched along one wall; his mother's bed occupied the space opposite it. There were a table, an old-fashioned safe for their odds and ends of dishes, and two rickety chairs. The neat and trim furniture which old Zephaniah had given to his daughter as a wedding present had had to be sold when James Lawrence died and the bank failed. A box fastened to the outer sill of the window served as larder. The room was poor, but Sarah Lawrence had done her best to make of it a home for Jamie.

A little boy who must grow up in dreary surroundings need not have a dreary heart, if he has in that heart a great love and a great desire. Always after that first visit to the "Basin," Jamie's thoughts were of boats. The pictures of boats in his schoolbooks assumed a true significance. The story in his Sunday School leaflet which told about the storm on the Sea of Galilee





became real to him, with a boat such as those which he had seen and gusts of wind and rain lashing the sea like the flurries which he had watched whipping across the puddles on East Windsor Avenue before his mother called him in out of the rain. Bits of wood drifting on the dirty waters of the gutter were transmuted by imagination into trim craft sailing on the blue bosom of the "Basin." Jamie had long talks with his mother about "Grandfather's boat," talks during which he asked endless questions while his mother culled her memories for details of the occasional trips which she had taken with her father.

For his sixth Christmas, Jamie's mother had promised him a boat. It would be larger than the one which she had bought him shortly after his first visit to the "Basin," and—it would have a sail! The

James did not understand that the little vessels which spelled beauty to him were principally rich men's toys, no longer a craft for which there was a general demand

other one had been a miniature steamship. Although Jamie had been polite about it, had smiled and thanked his mother nicely, there was a wistfulness in his manner which was not lost on Sarah Lawrence, even while she assured him, "It's just like Grandfather's boat, Jamie."

Sarah counted pennies feverishly before Christmas. There were shoes for Jamie, and a sweater, and socks, and under-wear, to be bought. She had never been able to manage more than a few ten-cent toys for him before, never any one "big" gift; but she must not fail him this time. Grady's had big boats with sails for a dollar. Jamie'd love one of them if she could only get it.

Jamie was never to know that the dollar for that boat meant that, for weeks, when his mother called him in from play to supper and said, "Eat now, dear, Mother has had her supper. She has work to finish, and she couldn't wait for you," that his mother had had no supper, and that she had made her own breakfast scantier, too.

The boat was not a success, although both Jamie and his mother kept up a pretense that it was. It had looked so fine propped up on the

table when Jamie awoke on Christmas morning. He had jumped up immediately, gone to it, and hugged it to him crying, "My boat, my boat!"

All during a happy morning Jamie had played with the boat, had talked to it, had speculated proudly on how it would look when it "sailed." His mother had promised him that after dinner she would fill a tub and let him try it out.

As soon as the dishes were dried and put away, Sarah Lawrence set a zinc tub in the middle of the floor and poured water into it. Eagerly Jamie took his boat and set it gently upon the surface of the water. Breathlessly mother and son watched it as it rode firmly for a moment. Then it listed and settled slowly into the water lying sideways of its hull with mast and sail resting against the rim of the tub. Jamie

stifled a cry as he saw his mother's face suddenly darkened. Lifting the boat from the tub, he set it upon the floor, and went to put his arms around his mother's neck. As though it were her disappointment more than his own that mattered, he whispered comfortingly, "Never mind, Mother, we can have it to look at anyway!"

When he was ten, Jamie's love of boats had taken a definite trend, had become the motivating force of a definite ambition. He would not be a captain like Grandfather Zephaniah. He would make boats; he would help to build them. Sarah was rather thankful that her son's ambition did not involve his being absent upon the water. Jamie began to work a little in wood, shaping first those flat pointed bits of board which children float in convenient puddles, proceeding then to primitive and unstable masts with paper sails impaled upon them and fitted into holes inexpertly gouged in the center of the "boats."

Always, whenever he could find the time, Jamie wandered over to the Basin, and from there to the far side where the boat-builders were, where kindly men tolerated his wide-eyed interest and permitted him to watch them at work on hull or rigging. He returned from these excursions enthusiastic, buoyed up by the feeling that his ambition might some day be realized. When he was old enough, he meant to find a job with a boat-builder, one who built graceful craft. In his deep love for sail-boats, Jamie did not understand that the little vessels which spelled beauty to him were principally rich men's toys, no longer a type of craft for which there was general demand. He knew only that to be perfectly happy in his work he must help in the making of white-winged boats.

At fifteen, Jamie was tall and slightly built. He had a pleasant face, made pathetically winning by that ethereal quality which lack of robust health often brings. His eyes were blue, and very steady in their gaze. Light brown hair curled rebelliously at his temples, in spite of repeated efforts to discourage it with cutting and frequent applications of water.

Jamie had a paper route now, a responsibility which he accepted with pride and earnestness. His route lay away from the Basin, remote from the water-front in such another down-at-heel section as East Windsor Avenue, but one whose residents were a little more prosperous than Jamie's neighbors. There were whole weeks when Jamie could not go to the Basin, weeks during which he longed acutely for his boats. He knew all of the craft which were customarily anchored in the Basin; and once, when he had stood by watching two men who were preparing to row out to their boat, he had been shyly delighted by an invitation to go for a sail with them. He had accepted, and had spent a wonderful Saturday morning, skimming the waters of the bay. He had arrived home still breathless from the experience. His mother had listened patiently to a long and very involved account of the wonders of the boat, the kindness of its owner in explaining its management to him, and the glorious sensation of being actually on the water.

"Mother, it's even grander than I thought it would be!" Jamie's face glowed as he spoke. "Some day I'm going to build boats like that!"

In the excitement of telling his mother about it, Jamie had left his chair, and he stood poised in the middle of the tiny room. Behind him, Sarah Lawrence could see on the shelf the old sailboat which would not sail, the sailboat which she had kept carefully dusted, and for which she had surreptitiously made new sails when the old ones had become too soiled. Her heart ached a little as she remembered that disappointment, and she breathed a prayer, "Dear God, please let him not be disappointed and hurt in this!"

WHEN the winter had set in, Jamie's work became harder. After he had left school in the afternoon, the trip home to leave his books and the long walk to the beginning of his route where he must be on time to receive his papers when the truck passed, taxed his strength more than he would admit to his anxious mother. His route was long and difficult, and it was always late when he had delivered the last of the papers.

One night, when the wind came in chilling flaws through the funnel of every narrow street, and the fine drift of rain carried on a relentless persecution of every wayfarer, Jamie struggled on under the weight of sodden clothing. He had two more deliveries to make. Then he could disengage the damp bag from his aching shoulders to keep it from flapping against his back to impede his progress, and begin the long walk home. He had put the Fleming's paper carefully inside their vestibule, and had moved to the edge of the pavement to cross the street with his last paper. The Fleming's house was on the corner. The last paper was for the Bradleys on the opposite corner. Jamie stepped out from between two cars parked at the curb and started wearily across the street. There was a sudden glare of light in his eyes, a horrible screeching sound, the sharp sting of violent impact, and then a merciful unconsciousness enveloped him.

Jamie awoke in the austere cleanliness of a hospital room. His body felt oddly different, and he could not, for a moment, think what it was that made him feel so strange. Then, in a flash, memory returned. He was again on the slippery street in the early darkness; again he stepped into the roadway from the shelter of the parked cars. He winced and drew his hand across his eyes in an effort to shut out the memory.

The movement brought Sarah Lawrence to the bedside from her station on a chair in a corner of the room. She laid her hand over Jamie's and asked gently, "Are you awake, Jamie?"

"**Y**ES, Mother. But what happened? When can I go home?" Then, as the thought came to him suddenly, "Did the Bradleys get their paper?"

"An automobile," Sarah's lip trembled, but she forced herself to go on, "an automobile struck you, dear. You'll have to stay in the hospital a bit longer. They're—they're taking real good care of you, Jamie, better than I could do."

It was a day or so later, when Jamie was feeling a little stronger, that he had a visitor. "Someone to see you," the nurse

said briskly, and ushered in a lanky young man who stood looking down at Jamie a second before he spoke.

"I'm Tommy Dodd from 'The News,' he said at last, "and you're Jamie Lawrence."

Jamie smiled uncertainly. "Did you come to see about my route?" he asked. "Can I have it back when I get well? You see, Mother has to work so hard, and we need it very much."

Tommy Dodd walked over to the window and stood there looking out for a long minute before he answered. Then he said gently, "I can't tell you anything about your job, Jamie, because, you see, I'm a reporter. I've come to write a story about you. I want to know a lot of things. To begin with: What are you most interested in? What do you like best?"

And Jamie answered promptly, "Boats." Then, as though there might be some misunderstanding, he added, "Sailboats."

Tommy Dodd went back to the office after that first interview very full of the things he meant to say about Jamie. He had undertaken the assignment as a routine duty. His superior had said, "Go up and see the Lawrence kid." And Tommy had thought of Jamie as human interest material, nothing more. He would get a story for the readers of the *News*, and that



SURRENDER

Dear Lord, I bring this will of mine to Thee
And on Thy altar lay in Jesus' name;
It is no noble sacrifice of fame
Or wealth, but it is all there is in me.
I held it in my heart until, You see
How crushed it is with nothing good to claim,
A crumpled thing all limp with tears of shame
I cannot change; O take it, Thou Trustee!

Recast it in the mold that is Thine own
That it may sweetened be toward all mankind
And keep it till Thy will and it are one.
I do not want it back till it has grown
So much like Thee that I can never find
A trace of it lost in oblivion.

Ruby Dell Baugher



would be the end of it. But Tommy Dodd left Jamie's bedside with the determination that Jamie should matter to his readers, and that something more than a few sympathetic tears and comments should come of it.

At the office, Tommy sat down to his typewriter and began to write rapidly. He pictured Jamie as he had seen him, lying patiently in the little white bed, asking anxiously about his paper route, talking hopefully of the beautiful craft which he meant to build some day. Tommy described the accident, dwelt on the fortunate circumstance that had enabled the driver to stop in time to save Jamie's life. He did not mention that the doctors were not yet sure that Jamie would walk again.

No word of that must reach Jamie unless all their efforts failed.

Tommy Dodd wrote of these things, and of the fact that the *News* was paying the costs of Jamie's treatment; but he wrote more of Jamie himself, of the boy's brave spirit, of his great love of boats which had been fed only by his occasional visits to the Basin.

The following day, Tommy Dodd went to see Jamie again. He brought with him a package which he set down within Jamie's reach on the bedside table. He watched while the boy's trembling fingers untied the cord. When the wrappings were laid aside, a book encased in a bright-colored jacket on which a great clipper ship rode majestically on the bluest of seas met Jamie's delighted gaze. His breath caught in his throat. He could not speak, but his grateful glance at Tommy Dodd expressed all the thanks which the reporter needed. They spent a happy hour examining over the pictures of grand old ships and trying to puzzle out the diagrams of hulls and rigging.

TO MMY DODD visited Jamie almost daily during his stay in the hospital. Once, he brought with him a small but perfect model of a sailing yacht which the staff of the *News* had sent. Always he talked of boats with Jamie, and Jamie came to depend upon his companionship, and to look forward to it in the hours when he lay wracked with pain.

As the day of Jamie's discharge from the hospital drew near, Tommy hated to face him with the knowledge that Jamie's convalescence might never end, that life for him henceforth was very likely to be only confinement to a dreary tenement room, with not even the trips to the Basin to brighten it.

Two days before Jamie was to leave the hospital, Tommy's moroseness was so noticeable that his superior stopped him as he was about to leave on an assignment. "What's the matter, Dodd? You seem disturbed about something."

"It's Jamie Lawrence," Tommy replied. "I know he's not news any longer; but he's going home tomorrow, and I'd like to do one more story on him."

"Go to it. We'll run it."

Tommy worked hard over that last story about Jamie. He had a hunch that something might come of it, that somewhere there was someone who must be reminded of Jamie, someone who would care enough to do what was needed. So Tommy wrote:

Jamie Lawrence is going home tomorrow, home to the third floor back of 119 East Windsor Avenue. He doesn't know yet that he may spend his life fettered to a wheel chair. It is not because he isn't brave that he has not been told, for Jamie has been truly courageous all the days of his life. The doctors think it best to wait until they are quite certain before Jamie knows. They want to spare him as much as they can.

But Jamie's mother knows, and she is wondering what she can ever do to make life bearable for a boy whose love is boats, a boy who meant some day to build graceful craft for other men to sail. Mrs. Lawrence will move her sewing-machine from the

(Continued on page 44)



ECCLESIASTICAL PEWTER

*The Most Valued Ware of Two Centuries of America
in Church and Home*

By
JOHN W. POOLE



HERE is no deep student of history, no would question the thesis that the greatest factor in founding and building America was other than an unwavering and unconquerable faith in God, and the compelling desire to build a new homeland based on Christianity.

In a way it is a bit anticlimatic to speak what single thing was of second importance. Yet the various sects and racial groups comprising the early settlers were not idle visionaries and a study of those things with which they lived and by means of which they gained their daily bread, helps a great deal toward an understanding of the founding fathers and early days in America.

Possibly one might be inclined to believe that no material thing could be as properly termed "indispensable" as could steel. However steel has no particular personality; it resembles "matter of

course" things, like air to breathe or water to drink. Furthermore, even acknowledging steel as something not supplied providentially and free, a very good case can be made for a quite different substance. It cannot be disputed that Colonial America worked its hardest to secure *pewter*, a substance which had an astounding significance to daily life in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

To the author, pewter and Puritans are most compatibly associated. In its infinite variety of forms, this metal is sturdy as well as simple. It is beautiful as well as modest; compelling although unobtrusive; in short a metal singularly ap-

propriate. Probably because it lacks the flamboyance of silver, antiquarians and historians have paid it little heed. It is collected to be sure, but only by a handful of enthusiastic antiquarians, all of whom appear to have been raised in modest homes having the tradition of Christian American pioneers. Almost everything we know about American pewter has been uncovered by this unpretentious few.

Mayhap such a background is a prerequisite for appreciation. For some reason pewter had unusual appeal to Protestant Christians of Colonial America; the ware was popular here for decades after manufacture had practically died in England. Since, possibly more than any other group, those who read *Christian Herald* can claim Colonial America as their religious and cultural heritage, the author feels that he should here find fertile soil for increased interest. No relics remain which are more

intimately associated with that heritage than surviving examples of pewter ware.

What Pewter Is

Pewter is an alloy consisting mainly of tin, associated with and modified by small amounts of metals like copper, antimony, bismuth and lead. Good pewter contains little lead and the best ware, none. Lead should be classed as an adulterant or at best as a "filler." The finest pewter is classifiable as a "white bronze."

If pieces have not been damaged by a rather common scale-like corrosion, cleaned and polished pewter can be magnificently beautiful. Fine pieces look like silver, yet are different. Pewter can have all the brilliance and sheen of silver, but still be soft and velvety in its brilliance. There is a glow rather than a glitter. The writer has some splendid communion services, in condition as fine as the day they were made. Just as bright as silver, they do not glare. At times one can almost see them, as they softly glowed, a century and a half ago in some little Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania. There was no garish brilliance out of keeping with that peaceful, reverent scene.

Also one can imagine the interior of a Salem kitchen of 1700—Rows of polished pewter plates, mugs, porringer and basins; pewter candlesticks, funnels, spoons, ladles and dozens of other pewter things, from a teapot in the corner cupboard to a sundial on the window sill. The uses made of this metal were seemingly endless; not, frequently, for spectacular uses, but regularly for scores of humble services that made life easier, more comfortable and more lovely.

A pewter nursing bottle would feed the motherless infant, a pewter foot-warmer help compensate for aged hearts. Sconces with pewter reflectors conserved the light of dim candles, enhancing the illuminating power of a meager flame. With china rare, fragile and expensive, and the same true of various other wares; a supply of pewter of moderate cost, meant easily manufactured, easily cleansable and sturdy wares of any form required. Since the metal could be reworked without end, the long-run cost was little. Without pewter many essentials or near essentials would have been beyond reach.

In addition, the clean bright pewter surfaces gave life and beauty to rooms which otherwise would have been dismal, drab and depressing. I suspect that second only to a trust in God, pewter and its brilliance kept despondency and despair from the hearths of our forefathers. To have deprived them of it, might possibly have rendered a seventeenth century colonization impossible.

The indispensable nature of pewter, coupled with the almost complete lack of consideration accorded by historians and museums, has long been a favorite theme of the author. And—possibly not unnaturally—listeners have been slow to be impressed by the validity of the contention. Offhand it does look like a broad statement.

Nevertheless it is not based on guess or fanciful conjecture. There is indisputable proof that this obscure, and so-called humble, metal played an important part in American Colonial days.

Some years ago, the magazine "Antiques" published a list of English exports

to the American colonies over a period of fifteen decades. In view of the many restrictions placed by the mother country on our early trade, "exports by England" is approximately synonymous with "imports by the colonies." On this basis we find that for no extended period did the value of pewter imported fall below fifty per cent of the total imports, and for some decades equaled as much as ninety per cent of the total. A truly remarkable and significant disclosure!

And what does it reveal? Taken in the light of certain facts and reasonable deductions, it would seem to reveal much. As a descendant from such people, the author has reason to believe that New England Yankees and Pennsylvania Dutchmen were not given to throwing money away on useless fripperies. In fact, facing a stern struggle for existence, the struggle probably could not have been won without great foresight and thrift. Although they were the most idealistic peoples the world has known, yet there have probably never been more practical peoples. Seldom was a pound or shilling or penny spent except carefully, with regard to what purchase would do the most to aid in their struggle to build the land of their ideals. If as a whole they spent three-quarters of all their funds to buy pewter, it was because no other purchase could help so much.

To the author it has been a constant source of wonder that a thing which played so vital a part in the lives of our forefathers, could possibly be so largely ignored. No really good literature exists for American pewter, and I know of no museum which in its "American Wing" boasts even a fair exhibit. The interest simply is not there.

Silver exhibits are comprehensive and many. Yet silverware served no purpose not served by pewter. Furthermore, it represents only the rather unimportant froth at the top of colonial society. It was hardly essential and not at all typical, while pewter, in innumerable everyday uses, must have been the thing which, with its reflection of softly glowing lights, determined very largely the character of



On page 19, the pieces shown are a communion set by Samuel Danforth, Hartford—made about 1810. On this page, above, covered chalice and flagon by the German immigrant pewterer, John Christopher Heyne. Made in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, about 1770. Height about twelve inches. These magnificent pieces are comparatively common around York and Lancaster. On facing page, one of the lovely Communion sets by the famous Peter Young, Albany, New York, made about 1800.



colonial interiors. Its daily use covered every home, whether modest or rich or poor.

But I am frequently asked, "Granting that pewter was of such paramount importance, why was it not made here instead of being imported? Were there not capable domestic workmen? Yes, there were many capable workmen, but their function was rather an unusual one. In those days no worthwhile native tin deposits were known in America (nor is our day, either). Before pewter could be made here the raw materials had to be acquired, and ultimately the source of raw materials had to be from abroad. Moreover, English restrictions, and possibly the reputation of English-made ware, contrived to make imports be in the form of finished wares. American workers existed only for a single compound reason—the comparative destructibility of a pewter form by denting, bending or breaking and the comparative indestructibility of the substance itself. Pieces which through use, became unserviceable provided perfectly good raw material to be



elted up and recast into new flagons, bringers, writing boxes, ink wells, sunals, tankards and what not. This was the purpose and "raison d'être" of the American pewterer: to reclaim valuable unserviceable pewter.

However, the American artisan's output was definitely limited. Obviously he could not exceed his supply of raw material. Moreover some metal was unavoidably lost, the population expanded rapidly, its wealth increased, so that demand for pewter kept far ahead of domestic supply and greater and greater quantities of English wares were imported, practically to the end of the pewter era. As a result a very large majority of the old pieces we find in New England, New York and Pennsylvania prove to be marked by English makers. About two-thirds of all plates would seem to be English and the more impressive forms such as tankards, flagons and teapots seem to be English to more than ninety per cent of the total surviving specimens.

Since it is very natural that we collectors with American backgrounds should be more interested in our fathers' handicraft than in that of our English cousins, American pieces bring fairly high prices, while English wares, although just as old and even finer in workmanship, are remarkably hard to sell.

Ecclesiastical Pewter

In addition to the extremely important parts played by pewter in the material lives of our forefathers, its use in churches was also widespread. Furthermore, it was in pieces designed for religious uses that the pewterer's art attained its greatest perfection.

Although we hear much more about splendid silver services, there are many, many more goblets, flagons, tankards and

baptismal bowls of pewter than of silver.

It was, of course, much cheaper, at the same time being similar to silver in appearance. Entire congregations of many small churches probably never saw enough silver to fabricate a silver service and pay a reasonable seigniorage to the silversmith.

On the other hand, contribution of a small piece of pewter by each member would quickly supply the raw material which, in return for a month's supply of food or a few cords of wood, was metamorphosed into a flagon, a pair or two of goblets and a font. A member slightly more prosperous than the average might donate a pair of perfect new plates; and the resulting service as a whole, clean and polished, was by no means unworthy of its purpose. The author will be glad to show a few of these exquisite vessels, to any one who will come to his home.

In some of the very humble churches, sets were assembled with new pieces of "everyday" type, a matter not possible with any other material. Where a certain church was founded with only a few chartered members—which later grew to a mighty fourteen hundred—its service comprised a tankard, two small mugs, a deep ten-inch basin and two slightly different pairs of ten-inch plates. By themselves, the money value was little then and not great even today, but with each piece still perfect, this set still sheds its humble beauty and perpetuates the beauty of its givers in the home of a certain clergyman-collector.

However, it would appear not to have been entirely a matter of expense, that determined whether or not, services were pewter. Hundreds of churches which could have afforded silver seem never to have had it. This is particularly true of prosperous German congregations of Pennsylvania. I suspect that many peo-

ple felt the soft pewter glow to be more appropriate than glittering silver. Personally the author agrees with this feeling. The great pity is that later generations thought so little of these precious relics of their grand-parents' religious lives that the great majority of ecclesiastical vessels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been lost forever. Doubtless a religious background is necessary for full appreciation of such things, but how an agnostic or even a complete heathen, would dare to melt into solder such true works of art as are illustrated here-with is almost beyond belief. Very probably most of the lost sets merely became mislaid, but this was not always the case: more than one fine piece has been rescued from junk dealers for little more than the price of old metal.

Others have been disposed of in various ways more or less laudable; given to unstable boom-town mission churches, sold to antique dealers. Possibly a distressing experience has affected the author's judgment but the second case seems preferable; at least the pieces eventually come into appreciative hands, which was not the case of the old set from the author's church in Jaffrey, N. H., which had a story comprising pathos, heroism and beauty of spirit.

The set was presented by one Amos Fortune in the late eighteenth century. In the Jaffrey churchyard one can find the headstone of this remarkable man with a few short lines about his life. As I have heard the story, he was born a savage in Africa, to become a chief while very young. He was captured and endured the fiendish tortures of months in pestilential slave camps and ships. As a slave in America, he became a Christian; because of unusual loyalty and faithfulness he won his freedom. As a freedman, his continued honesty and diligence enabled him to buy his wife's freedom and to become well-to-do, honored and respected by the people of Jaffrey. His gift to the church was sent to home missionary churches in Alaska. The author feels that Amos Fortune's gift would have been more precious if kept as a monument to a courageous Christian life; a reminder and inspiration to others.

But, as before suggested, there are more reasons than local sentiment for safeguarding an old communion service. Pewter was an important facet of colonial life, a very important part of early arts and crafts; and the finest pewter things are the ecclesiastical vessels. It was natural that they should be, that every effort should be expended to make such things as fine as the maker's skill would permit. To be sure, there are no pieces which necessitated the delicate craftsmanship of the highly skilled silversmith. On the other hand, the author feels that no silversmith ever approximated the beauty of design attained in Peter Young's chalices pictured on page 21, and a true work of art is much less de- (Continued on page 45)



TOMORROW'S WOMAN

An Interview with Colby M. Chester

By

FRANK S. MEAD

DECORATION BY
DOROTHY GREENE



FTHINGS look bad. Business has gone to the bow-wows. The churches are empty and the prisons are packed. Greed is in the saddle and brotherhood is under the horses' hoofs. Morals are a mockery and faith is funny and the founders and the fathers must be turning in their graves. Worst of all, youth is running wild; "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die"—that's modern youth. And that bodes no good for tomorrow.

Anyone will tell you that. Almost anyone, that is, except those who really know; and the funniest thing about this indigo-outlook is that those who have their fingers on the facts aren't blue at all. I met one like that yesterday. He is Colby M. Chester, Chairman of the Executive Committee, National Association of Manufacturers, and Chairman of the General Foods Corporation. This man, with his finger on the pulse of American industry and as well-informed about youth as any of us, is the most optimistic man I've met in many a blue moon.

As Chairman of the N. A. M.'s Executive Committee, he knows business. "Business," he says, "will come back. Don't worry about it." He has little time to waste at the wailing-wall of commerce. "Youth," he also told me, "is all right. Don't worry about them."

Now I'd take his word without argument about business; he should know, and that's not my realm. But when a man says youth—youth in general—is "all right," well, I wondered how he knew about that. Was Mr. Chester sure?

"I'm certain of it," he replied. "I spend a lot of time with youth, talking with them and about them, and I've made it a practice for a good many years to give a certain portion of my time every year to going over their problems with them. I want to give them the benefit of the experiences I've had, going down the road a little ahead of them. And I've found out that I stand to learn as much from them as they do from me, and maybe more.

"I've learned, for instance, that we older folks are dead wrong in a lot of the things we've been thinking about youth; we haven't a deservedly high opinion of the younger generation. I made up my mind, after I'd heard a lot of those

things, that some day I'd really find out scientifically, just what this youth was, what it was thinking about and hoping to be, just how mean or noble they really were. I wanted fool-proof facts about them.

"Take the girl, for instance. The American Girl. She's supposed to be like the "x" in algebra—an unknown quantity, and an unknown quality, to boot. She's been called about everything, from a flapper up, or down. Giddy, dressy, spoiled and shameless. I didn't believe, that, so I started finding out about her. Look here."

He shoved across his desk a questionnaire just submitted by General Foods to the unmarried girls of America. To Miss America, aged 18 to 25, in all walks of life. It went out to urban girls and rural girls and suburban girls; to stenographers, clerks, farm girls, factory workers, hom girls, business girls, college girls, girls who never finished the seventh grade in school. Girls in every section of the country North, South, East, West. Thousands of thousands of them.

He must have had a lot of help, we suggested, to do that.

"We had 25,000 families working for us," he replied. "Twenty-five thousand families organized into a statistical army of fact-finders. We also used an advertising agency, and their workers made per-

n-to-person visits on the girls and asked the questions face to face. I think that day we got a good cross section of young girl-in-America thought, and I think we've found out, intelligently, just what the young American girl is and what we can expect from her."

We wondered why General Foods wanted to do this. Was there any business motive? Or was it just curiosity, or what?

OF COURSE," he said, "General Foods is a business corporation, and we were after facts that would help us know what this slice of Young America wanted to buy, and eat. So we asked them what they preferred for dessert. (It was ice cream, and pie.) Whether they could cook or not. (Miss America can cook!) We asked about Jell-O and fruits and puddings and roasts. But they gave us a chance, you see, to ask a lot of other questions that had nothing whatever to do with sales; we went out of our way to find out a lot of things about her that have absolutely no relation to business.

"What things, for instance?"

"Well, about getting married, for instance! Every young girl thinks about it, and every young boy too. So we asked them, 'Do you consider it more necessary or less, to get married now than was in your Mother's day?' And seven out of ten said 'Less!' I suppose a good cynic would jump at that and say, 'There you are!' She doesn't want to be bothered with a little formality like a wedding ceremony. She'd rather be a harum-arum bachelor girl than a mother." But to me it doesn't mean that, at all. It doesn't mean that she prefers a life of free and playful carelessness, unfettered by the bonds of matrimony, but it means that the modern girl has a strong spirit of economic independence. Economically, marriage isn't necessary to life.

Then we asked, "What is the smallest sum that a young couple can get married on, and get along?" I recommend that all love-sick young men read their answers carefully; they'll get a lot of comfort out of them. A third of the girls said "Twenty dollars a week or less." A fifth said, "Twenty-five dollars a week or less." Almost all the rest said, "Thirty dollars a week or more." The most money-minded of them all said, "At least eighty dollars a week." She thought she might rape along on that. Remember this: these modest budgets were the estimates of girls both rich and poor. While they seemed to believe that any girl could support herself, they all seemed also to prefer marriage, and to be ready to shelve a few of the luxuries of life when Mr. Right comes along. That doesn't sound as if she preferred bachelorhood, does it?

YOUR cynic might also claim that because these girls, during their impressionable years, had been through a depression and had therefore come to expect little out of life, but I don't subscribe to that, either. I think that this fine-spirited modern girl who is willing to live on twenty to twenty-five dollars or less a week is just demonstrating anew the old bonnet and pioneer spirit that have made this country what it is. She'll encourage a large income from hubby soon enough; don't worry about that."

A little over half said it was more im-

portant today to own their own homes. Seven out of ten said it was more important to save for old age than in mother's day. They want to secure their own security, and that's a hopeful sign!

That's Miss America, economically. Let's look at her socially. There's an idea in the minds of a lot of us that children are taboo to the young mother, that today's flapper just doesn't want to be tomorrow's mother. She's supposed to prefer the matinee to the nursery—so she doesn't want babies around when the matinee opens. We got at that by asking, "What do you think is the ideal number of children for a family to have?" And believe it or not, *only one girl in a hundred said "None."*

A third of them said "Two;" about two-thirds said "Two or three." One brave soul said "Ten," with a perfectly straight face. No, I think we've been wrong about this. I think this girl will be the mother



Appreciation

I thank God for dark days,
When the wind and rain
Howl around the windows,
Beat against the pane,
For, when skies are clearing,
As the shadows run,
I behold new beauties
In the shining sun.

I thank God for sorrow,
That is bringing tears,
As I walk the highways
With the fleeting years,
For, when grief has left me
To myself once more,
I am finding living
Fairer than before.

Edgar Daniel Kramer



of tomorrow, but a different kind of mother. She will never be chained to her broom and dustpan, and she will never spend her life scrubbing floors, and baking bread. More than half the girls questioned said it was more important to have post-marriage careers now than it was in mother's day; just four out of ten said it was more important to be a good housekeeper than it was in mother's day. Three-fourths of them said it was important that they be good cooks; more than half of them had taken cookery lessons in school or college.

"She'll be a good cook and a good housekeeper, tomorrow," continued Mr. Chester, "but she will also insist on freedom her mother never had, for that post-marriage career; and I don't know of any good reason why she shouldn't have it. I think the home is quite safe in her hands; I doubt very much that it ever will become just a 'parking station by night and a filling station by day,' as some of our wits have it. That's wit without intelligence. To me, they seem as anxious to cook a supper that will make their husbands come home to eat it as they are to go to the movies, or to run for Congress."

"Politically, the young girl in America is a conservative. We asked them not which party they belonged to, but whether they were conservative, liberal, radical, or what, and fifty-four per cent said, "Conservative." Only three girls out of every hundred wanted to be classed as "radicals," and forty-three per cent said they were liberals. I don't believe radicalism will ever get many votes from the ladies.

THE girls went a lot further than just stating their political ideas. They were very frank in stating that they were thinking for themselves; that they were not voting the straight Democratic ticket just because father happened to be a Democrat, or Republican because mother belonged to the Women's Republican Club. Almost a third said that they do not vote the same way their parents vote. And put this down in your notebook: three-quarters of the girls in the United States today feel that it's more important for them to take an active part in politics than it was for mother to do so, when she was their age. Can you see what that means? It means that they are not satisfied just to vote; they want to be a lot more active than that. It means that the political candidate of tomorrow will get fewer votes by kissing babies and flattering the 'weaker' sex. He'll have to put up something intelligent, or he's hopelessly lost, so far as the women are concerned. And that's about the healthiest thing that could happen to American politics.

"I was interested in their foreign politics, too. Outside of the U.S., they said their favorite countries were England, France and Canada. They favor democracy!"

"And where do they stand religiously?" "Religiously they're splendid. They go to church. Six girls out of every ten go to church regularly. Religion is still in style, and for my part I'm glad to know it. So much has been written to the effect that youth is turning a cold shoulder on the Church and all it stands for, that many have begun to believe that there will be no Church at all in a hundred years or so. But our statistics tell quite a different story. Here, look at these figures."

HERE are the figures: we give the tables in full, so that you'll get the whole story easily:

DO YOU ATTEND CHURCH REGULARLY?

	Rural %	Urban Girls %	Total %
Yes	62.8	63.0	62.9
No	37.2	37.0	37.1

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

	Rural %	Urban Girls %	Total %
Too lazy	31.7	39.5	36.5
No Interest	17.9	35.4	28.5
Too busy, or working	16.6	20.6	19.0
Inconvenient	22.1	0.9	9.2
Miscellaneous	0.0	0.9	0.5
No Answer	11.7	2.7	6.3

(Percentages are based on those not attending church regularly.)

(Continued on page 48)

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

 MARY and Alice went out, and George got up and walked nervously up and down.

"Didn't Mother write to one of us telling something about Mrs. Clayton's affairs? No, I don't believe she did, because if she had, we wouldn't forget it. Isn't it fierce what has happened to a lot of the best folks you know—to lose their money and their homes. It doesn't look right. But there sure are a lot of them; don't you think, Dr. Strong, that David was a little off when he said 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread?' Why I was reading only the other day about Christian men being in the bread line of the Bowery Mission, in New York. How do you explain that sort of thing? But David knew nothing about our great civilization. He must have been talking about his own generation that didn't know anything about investment companies." He continued walking up and down and went into the front room and looked through the window at the house across the street, while William who still held the letter in his hand read the few lines over again. And what seemed a long time passed before we heard voices out on the porch and the girls came in with Mrs. Clayton. And on the faces of all three of

[PART TWO]

the table and the circle was resumed, with Mrs. Clayton added to it. Her face was calm, though it showed traces of the experiences she had been through, but without the least suspicion of what was to follow, in what would be for her one of the great chapters of life.

William was speaking.

"Mrs. Clayton you do not need to be told by us that we know you were Mother's dearest friend. We know that from what we have seen when we have made our visits here. But we want to talk to you about a matter which, under the circumstances, we feel sure you will understand is not in the least any intention on our part

to ask you to share with us in your own financial difficulties; but this letter from Mother is our excuse, if we need any, for taking you into our family confidence. And Dr. Strong here, who knew Mother as a girl and a young bride, is here with us in this intimate circle. Here is what Mother wrote!"

He read the few lines, and there was another silence. Mrs. Clayton was deeply moved. She sat there in the rocker, and the tears fell upon her folded hands. She said,

"As I have told you already, when you came, I was here that night and told your Mother what had happened to me. She had found out a part of it and I told her all. When I finally left her, she said she had not

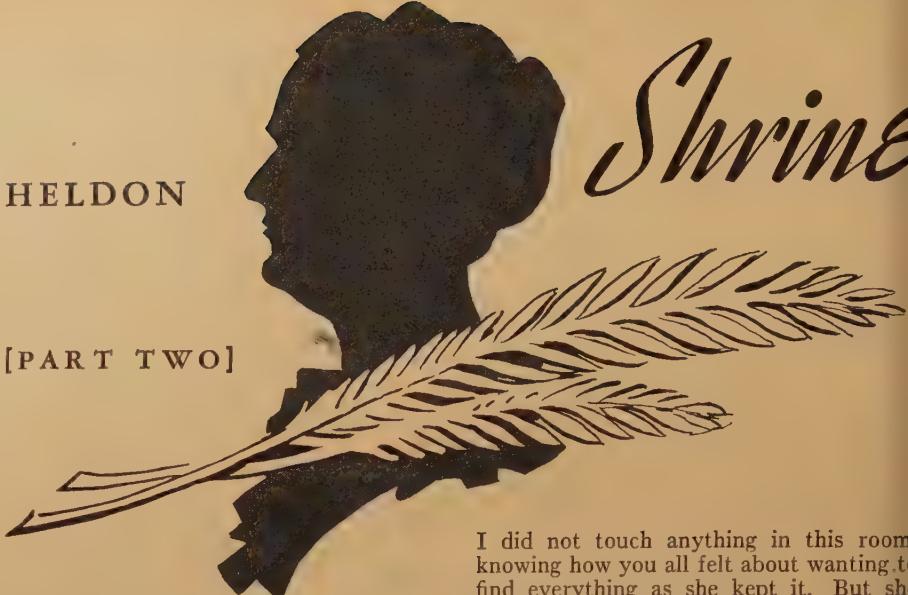
been feeling very well all day, but thought a good sleep would be all that she would need, and when I turned to look at her, as I was going out, she sat there at her desk, as she so often sat, with the Bible in her hand.

"When the maid came in the morning she found her asleep in Jesus. You know the doctor's finding—it was heart lesion.



"Why don't you carry a watch?" asked the man

there was a look of something compelling that we could not help feeling as soon as they came into the living room. Mrs. Clayton was one of those persons whom you trust at once, without asking for references. She was between Mary and Alice and they gently walked with her to the old walnut rocker and seated her in it, and then sat down while George went back to



I did not touch anything in this room knowing how you all felt about wanting to find everything as she kept it. But she must have started to write this letter to you, Mr. Will, after I went out, and then was too tired to finish it."

After a moment Mrs. Clayton said simply, "Yes, I told your Mother I had lost everything. My home, after my husband's death, was mortgaged and after I lost my position in the Domestic department of the High School owing to economy, I hadn't saved up enough to meet even my daily expenses. I have a few personal effects that I can keep, but I don't own a single dollar and the home will be taken from me in a few days."

"What were you planning to do then?" George asked the question with a queer look on his face that was understood better later on.

"I have no plans. I'm too old to get a place to teach and even the high school graduates don't know whether they can go on to college." She spoke with a quiet manner, and smiled at the girls as she looked affectionately at them. "One of the things no one can take away from me is the memory of this place and the friendship of your Mother. She was like a sister to me, and I shall never lose that sense of love she had for me and I for her."

"Of course you won't," said William. Mary and Alice were crying softly. "There are some investments that never can be lost. They pay the highest dividends for life. And one of the things we want to know is, now that you have so frankly informed us of your financial affairs, whether you would like to come into this house and live here indefinitely?"

Mrs. Clayton looked up in a bewildered manner.

"Do you mean rent this house? Why I have just told you I haven't a dollar saved up. The only things in the world that I can call my own are a few articles of clothing, some pictures that my husband gave me, a little furniture, and this watch that Carl gave me before he went over seas. You remember, Mr. Will, Carl was in the air force and was killed only a few hours before the armistice was signed." She said it calmly, for the fires of grief had died down to the life long heat of sorrow. But her face lighted again as she added, "And there is the old grandfather's clock in the hall that belongs to me, the one that has been in our family for one hundred years. It is an old Thomas clock and of course I don't want to sell it even if I

MOTHER LENOX

Illustrator EARL WINSLOW

ould get anything for it." "You won't have to sell it," said William. "I'll go over in the morning and bring it right over here. There is a place or it right there at the head of the stairs. And I hope while I am bringing it across the street some one won't stop me and ask question, like the one a man asked of another man who was walking across a street carrying a grandfather's clock. The man who was carrying the clock put it down on the road, and said, 'ask your question.' And the other man said, 'Why don't you carry a watch?'"

Mary and Alice stopped crying and laughed softly, and Mrs. Clayton joined in smiling through her tears. But I knew at a minute that William was telling that story to conceal a deep emotion that was going to get the better of him if he didn't do something to lighten things up. Then he said very quietly, "I haven't had time to consult with the other members of the family, Mrs. Clayton, but how would you like to come into this house and live in it the rest of your days and keep it swept and lovely for us, so that when we want to get a rest we can come back here and find

I can still see the look that came into the face of the woman in Mother Lenox's rocker

the old place just as Mother herself kept it? How about it?"

I can still see the look of absolute wonder and sheer astonishment that went over the face of the woman in Mother Lenox's rocker, and then she managed to stammer, "But Mr. Will, you don't understand. I haven't a cent of money. I lost everything. I can't take care of a house like this and—"

"But you can if we help a little, can't you—George and Mary and Alice and myself? What we want you to do is to live here in this house just as if it was your own. And we will see to the groceries and the lights and the gas and the ice and the water and the telephone and the taxes and anything else we don't think of right now. Of course George has had his salary cut but he can give up golf, and I can get along without Rotary banquets and miss the after dinner talks, and the girls can fix up their last year's hats, cut 'em down to make 'em fit the present sliced watermelon style, and a lovely time will be had by all. Say you will, Mrs. Clayton. I call it providential, don't you, girls, and George? Providential I call it, that Mrs. Clayton has lost everything. It just couldn't be better for us, could it?"

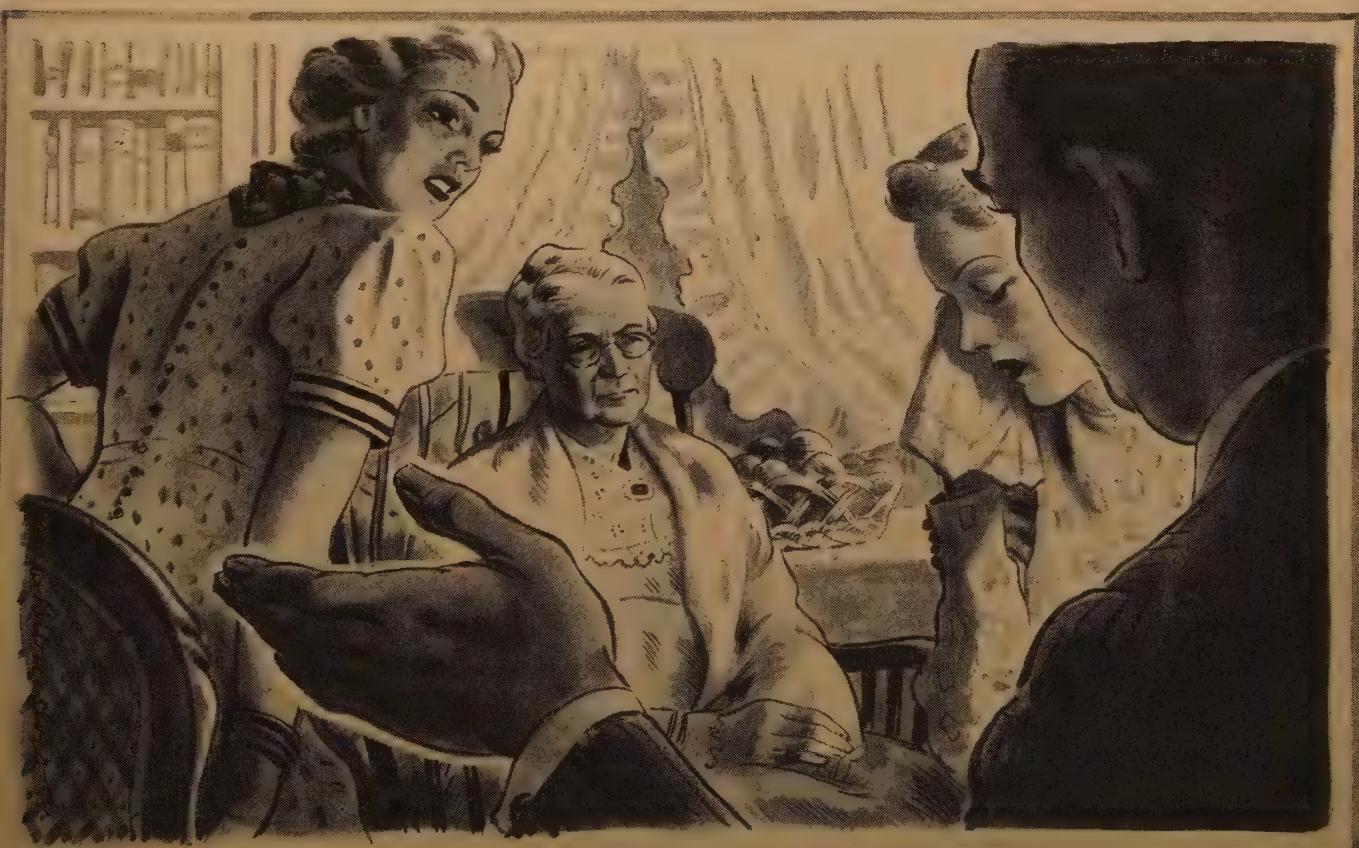
"Certainly couldn't," said Mary and Alice and George in unison. And Mary and Alice went over and sat each one on the broad arm of the old rocker and folded

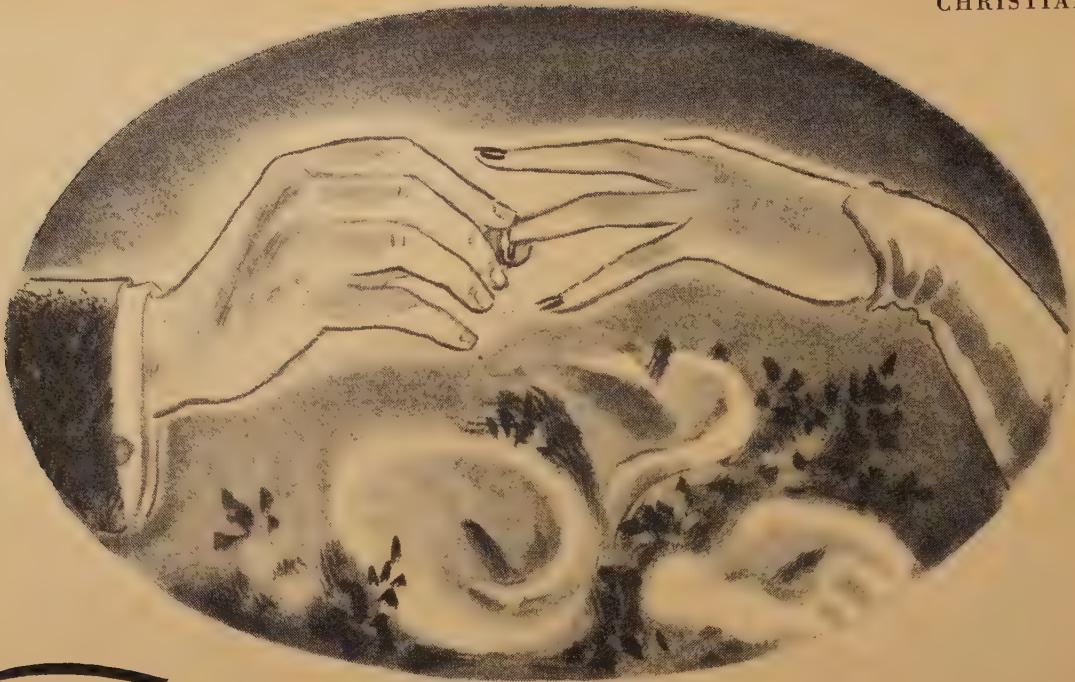
Mrs. Clayton in their arms, and rocked the chair gently so that as I looked I saw Mother Lenox again with her babies in her lap.

Well, the whole surprising event was rather hard on the emotions, but I soon discovered that William was really the head of the family, and what he said generally went; and it certainly did in this case for I have never seen a more delightful and happy union of action than I saw in that living room that night. Mrs. Clayton was tremulous with more than gratitude. She couldn't say anything without breaking down, and George went over and patted her on the back and told her to save her feelings for a good long letter after everybody was gone. "And you can live in any room you like, and have your meals in the kitchen or the parlor or anywhere you like. And you won't forget to keep the bird bowls filled and get a boy to dig up all the dandelions, now spring is coming on, and I will pay for that with William's banquet money, and the savings the girls make on the hats. Cheer up, Mrs. Clayton. It might be worse."

"Oh I can't believe it. Like a dream. I did not know there were such people. Oh yes, I did. You couldn't be any different after having such a Mother."

"You needn't say another word," said William. "That pays the rent years in advance." *(Continued on page 48)*





Till Death do us part

What Shall the Church Do About Divorce?

THE contrast of this generation with that of fifty years ago is a startling one. And in no respect is it more striking than in the realm of moral attitude. Our grandfathers' time was one of moral certainty. Man sinned, but the principle of right and wrong was clearly determined. Today, in contrast, is a time of moral perplexity, when even those who steadfastly adhere to the old standards continually complain that they "do not know what the world is coming to," and regard life in more pessimistic mood than do the people who have adopted some of the modern spirit.

Moreover, the Church is one with secular society in being weakened by uncertainty. And upon no subject does the Church present greater confusion than upon the problem of divorce. Perhaps the one conviction of the Church as compared with sections of secular society is that divorce is frankly accepted as an evil; to this the major voice of the Church gives strong affirmation. The New Testament, of course, is very definite. There are two possible grounds for divorce. Our Lord allows adultery, and St. Paul allows that a pagan who becomes a Christian shall dissolve the marriage if the mate refuses to allow the first party to live according to the Christian faith. But in neither of these cases, except in the Matthew addition, is remarriage allowed. Such marriage is adulterous, and automatically excommunicates the sinner from the Church. ("Excommunicate" means to "come out of communion with.") The word indicates that a man puts himself out of the Church because of his conduct. It does not mean that the Church casts a member out. The Church does not need to exclude the member; he has done so himself. The New Testament basis for

By

RALPH S. MEADOWCROFT

excommunication is Matthew 18:17. "And if he shall neglect to hear them; tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

This concise and definite statement reads strangely among the confused suggestions of modern Christianity. The Roman Catholic Church proudly claims that divorce is non-existent among its sincere members—though, to the majority of non-Romanists it is difficult to see much to their practice except the substitution of "annulment" for "divorce." At the other extreme are those modernistic churches which recognize divorce as a legitimate factor in contemporary social life, which is the concern of the couple involved and their children, and of no one else. In between these alternatives come



The problem of divorce is so vital, and this treatment of it so fundamental and profound, with its religious and ecclesiastical approach, that, without committing *Christian Herald* to all or any of its particulars, we present it as what we believe to be the most constructive, conscientious and Christian study of divorce made in recent years.

The Editor

the churches to whom divorce is an evil, but what to do about it they cannot decide.

This is a condition which satisfies no one. However divided the Church of God may be, the various denominations do worship the same Lord and express loyalty to His teachings. It is imperative, therefore, that we find some common basis of conduct which we can teach and practice. Our condition at this time is one of near anarchy. One church excommunicates a remarried divorcee, while another denomination will allow such a man to be a minister. Even more ridiculous is the condition in the Episcopal Church, where one clergyman will accept divorcees upon his vestry and in responsible offices of his parish, while a second clergyman, possibly in another parish of the same city, will not allow such a man to come to the altar for the Holy Communion.

If a minister refuses to marry people who have been divorced, the couple simply go across the road to a parson who is more "liberal." The writer was puzzled some four years ago, when he began his work in his present parish, by the large number of Roman Catholics who came to him to be married. Both man and woman asserted their adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, but "did not like Father _____. " Finally I investigated the cause of their coming to me and discovered the reason to be that being married by a Protestant minister, they could obtain a divorce, if they desired, without excommunication from their Church. I was doubly glad that I had refused to marry them, but such a clear condition must be answered by a clear statement of the Church's position on divorce.

Let me emphasize this point. It is an

uestionable duty of the Church to
e up its mind. No matter what posi-
we take—Protestant, Catholic, ortho-
or liberal—if there is a Church that
rch has a duty to speak. And upon
question the imperative is more pro-
nounced than perhaps upon any other social
question of the day. We spend so much
time considering our attitude toward war,
the relations of capital and labor, and
other such matters. That is all good, but
there are highly technical problems and
questions of only indirect application to our
country; but divorce is on our own door-
step. It would seem safe to say that few
families exist in Protestant America in
which there has not been at least one
divorce in the last twenty-five years. It
is a matter of direct relevance to the
average congregation and community. A
certain professor in a theological seminary
used to say to his students, "don't preach
our people upon the sin of Mormonism
or the dangers of Zoroastrianism—preach
them about their own sins and prob-
lems." Such advice is thoroughly sound
and the Church needs to hear it regarding
this question.

Of course the simplest answer would
be the literal word of the New Testa-
ment. There it is: "Whosoever putteth
away his wife and marrieth another, com-
mitteth adultery." Then every remarried
divorcee is *ipso facto* living in adul-
tery and automatically excommunicated
from the Church. It would be perfectly
logical if the Church taught that once a
man and a woman are married, nothing but
death can break their union. They might
separate, but divorce—never!

Some readers probably affirm this posi-

even eating corn in the field. But the
Master did not overthrow the law by
logic and argument. He bluntly pushed
it to one side, with "the Sabbath was
made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Similarly,
to so water-tight and legalistic
a conception of marriage, vast numbers
of sincere Christian people would reply
that "marriage was made for man and
woman, not men and women for mar-
riage." The Christian conscience inevita-
bly cries out against transforming mar-
riage into a form of slavery. Such an at-
titude is not a solution of the divorce evil,
it is turning one's back upon it, and God
calls us to face evil, not to be blind to it.

Then, can the Church find an answer
which would dispel the confusion? Yes,
I think it can, by taking three steps here-
after outlined. It would seem quite prac-
tical to do this within the structure of
every existing Christian denomination in
our country.

First, the churches of America need to

official church of Prussia, Sweden, where
the Lutheran is also bound to the state
by legal ties, or England, where the
Church of England is by law established
as the official church of the English na-
tion.

This difference is a fundamental one.
The Christian Church in America is a
missionary institution. It has no direct
authority over the laws governing our
citizens. It has the right to speak and
be heard, just as the Chamber of Com-
merce, the American Legion, or the labor
unions have a right to speak for or against
proposed legislation. And because the
churches contain more than sixty million
members, their united voice is obviously
the most powerful voice in the nation.
But it is still a voice of persuasion; it has
no established right to legislate for the
American people.

The result of this distinction is that
while the churches have every right to
speak their minds upon secular divorce,



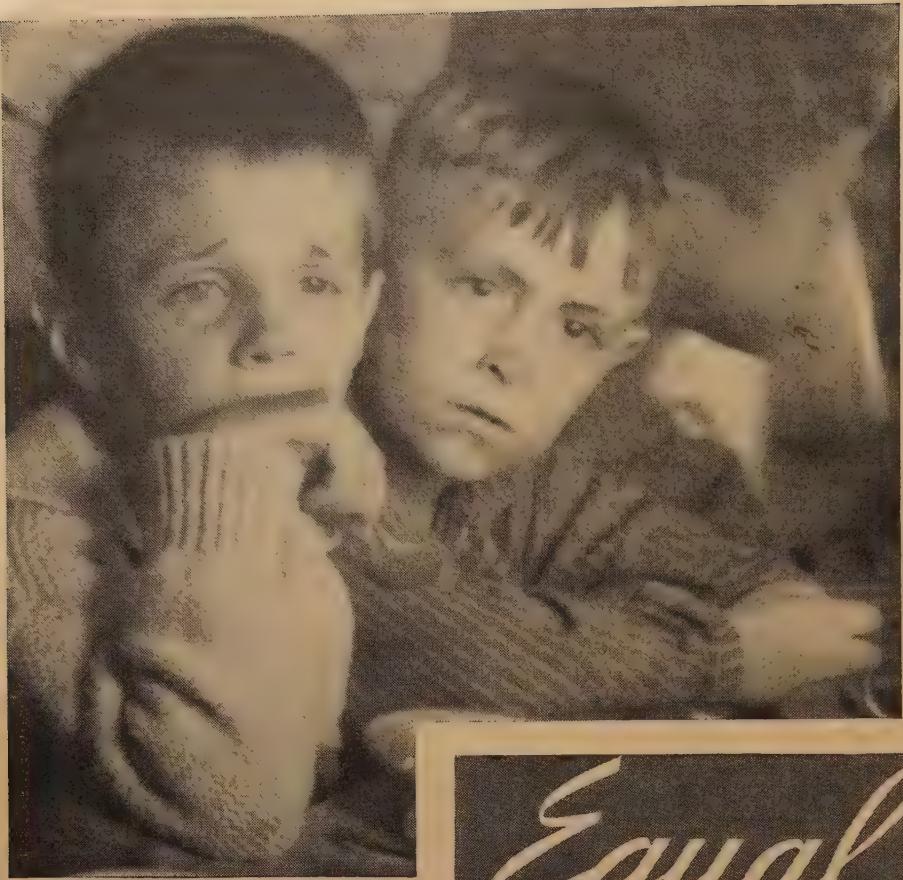
Top, office of one of the
so-called "marrying parsons," at Jeffersonville, Indiana, just across the Ohio from
Reno, Nevada, whence thousands of easy divorces have
been handed out to persons from all parts of the country, after a short residence

and feel that the Church should be
courageous enough to take the stand. But
the majority of us cannot accept such a
position—and not merely because we are
afraid of hurting people. It is rather
that such an answer is too legalistic,
inhuman, to be compatible with a pro-
gressive interpretation of Christian teach-
ing. The law of Jesus' day forbade work
on any description on the Sabbath Day,

realize that this nation is not officially
Christian. We are a Christian nation in
so far as the overwhelming majority of
religious people in our country belong to
some branch of the Christian Church. But
there is no "establishment" of Christianity
in the Constitution of the United
States. In this we differ profoundly from
some of the European nations—from Germany,
where the Lutheran Church is the

their real and primal task is to determine
the question of divorce for their own
members. The law of the state regarding
divorce is one thing; the law of the
Church concerning divorce for its own
people is another and quite different matter.

Most of us will nod our heads to that
statement, for it is a fundamental and con-
stitutional element of American democ-
racy. But we are thus brought to a sec-
ond position the Church should take. If
the law of the Church regarding mar-
riage and divorce is valid only among its
own members, then the Church should
marry only those men and women who are
its communicants. For a Christian min-
ister to join together, in the Church of
God, a man and a woman who do not ac-
cept the principles of marriage as set
forth by that Church is dishonest, and, so
far as the Church is concerned, illicit.
Nor is marrying such people in the par-
sonage or rectory much better. Such a com-
promise involves the minister in the
questionable act of shedding his minis-
terial office to become a state official. But
a clergyman is ordained to the service of
God and has no authority or right to turn
aside his ministry for any purpose. Here
he is, a church- (Continued on page 42)



By MARGARET E.
SANGSTER

THE two little boys sat close together on the curbstone, with their feet in the gutter. It was a dry, dusty gutter, for it was August and there wasn't any moisture to spare—not even in slum gutters. If the gutter had been running with sluggish, evil-smelling water, as it did on cooler days, the little boys would have had their feet elsewhere. For their scuffed and shabby shoes had been carefully brushed, and—luxury of luxury—they wore stockings! They were very neat, well-patched little boys—and they sat on sections of newspaper so that the seats of their small pants would stay clean.

Johnnie—the darkest one, whose heavy eyebrows were smudged lines across a pallid face—was in a fever of excitement. He couldn't sit still. His toes jiggled up and down in the gutter, his fingers laced and interlaced as he tried to hold them quiet in his lap, and he talked constantly.

Jim, the little fair boy, was more composed. Perhaps it was because he was so frail, so finely drawn, that he didn't have the energy for much wiggling or talking. But his eyes, too, were intent and he was the one who made all of the answers.

"I wonder what it will be like?" Johnnie was saying. "I wonder if there *will* be grass and flowers and trees and things . . . I wonder if the sky will be as blue as they told us, and if there'll be a brook to wade in?"

Jim replied, "You bet, there *will* be." Just that.

Equal chance

There was a moment of stillness. Far down at the other end of the slum street a huckster was crying his wares. A huge fly, laden with poison from the nearest uncovered garbage pail, buzzed angrily around Johnnie's face. He brushed it away with a nervous, twitchy little hand.

"They won't have big old biting flies like that in the country," he said. "Know what they'll have, Jim? They'll have *butterflies*. Didja ever see a butterfly?"

"No," Jim murmured, "but I seen *pictures* of a butterfly."

Johnnie was rambling on. "The teacher lady," he said, "she'll stop by fer us in half an hour. She said she would. Then she'll take us to th' office for our phys'cal examination, and then we'll get on a bus and then we'll get on a train and then—" His invention flagged, and he broke off with an excited little giggle. "Oh, Jim, I can't wait!"

"You gotta," said Jim. His words were stilted but his little chest was heaving in time to the pounding of his heart.

There was another moment of silence. Even the huckster was quiet now, even the fly had stopped buzzing. Heat hung so heavily over the slums that everything seemed in a state of suspended animation. Several houses down the street a shirtless man lay breathing stentorously with his head on a stone step. In an area-way a woman rocked a baby who was too wan to cry. A gaunt cat prowled, hopelessly, in quest of non-existent food. And then, through the silence, came the sound of a drum beating and of a fife playing and Johnnie cried—

"Golly, it's the parade!"

It was a parade—a rather picayunish

But—we gotta go!" wailed Johnnie. "We've been looking forward to it so long." He looked stricken, as if he were going to faint



one, but a parade nevertheless! Under ordinary circumstances the two little boys would have run to meet it, but now they didn't move. They had been told to keep clean until the teacher lady came for them—and little boys who follow parades sometimes fall and get holes in neatly darned stockings! With their feet beating time to the music, they sat like two small owl-eyed statues and watched the parade go by. It was only a thin column of scouts—it wasn't a big funeral or a patriotic demonstration. But even so, the flag at the head of the parade was beautiful. It couldn't have been any more beautiful if the parade had been ten miles long. You see, it was the American Flag!

Johnnie, gazing up at the flag, said, "The stars in the country will look as big as them stars, won't they?" and Jim answered simply, "Yes." He added with a sudden

effort—"Ain't you glad you're an American, Johnnie? We're getting to go to the country because we're Americans!"

The teacher lady came for them before the parade had quite disappeared around the corner. She was breathless, for she was a little late. The parade—tiny though it was—had held up her trolley car.

The office where they examined the children was a crowded place—full of busy people who asked questions and wrote things in ledgers, and checked over names. The woman in charge of the office was gray-haired and gentle, but a worried frown creased her forehead and she kept figuring on a slip of paper.

"Really," she was saying as the teacher lady came through the door with Johnnie and Jim, in tow, "Really, I don't see how we *can* take any more—we're already filled to capacity. After all, you know, money doesn't grow on trees!"

Somebody made a murmured response and then the teacher lady came forward with her two charges.

"I'm afraid," she apologized, "that I'm a trifle tardy. There was a parade—it held up traffic for just a few minutes. Fortunately the boys were ready—they'd been waiting all morning, poor tots. This is Johnnie—" she indicated the dark little boy, "and the blond one is Jim. They live next door to each other and they're great friends. They're in a fever of anticipation!"

The woman who was in charge drew down her mouth as if she were trying to frown. She was actually trying very hard not to cry.

"I'm sorry," she said slowly, "but we've

st filled the last place . . . There's no use
ating around the bush. I'm afraid they
n't go, this time."

It was Johnnie who burst into speech.
n didn't say a word—he merely looked
icken, as if he were going to faint.

"But, gosh," cried Johnnie, "we gotta
! We've been looking forward to it so
ng. We've never been out-a the city, not
ce—not neither of us! And my pal, he
s sick all spring, and he ain't got back
s strength yet."

The woman in charge ground a pencil
to her desk blotter until the point broke
, with a sharp sound. She said finally,
"It's so cruel. Every child in the city
ould have an equal chance." She hesi-
ted. "Maybe we can make an exception
d fit in the little boy who's been sick." It
was the teacher lady who spoke now.
But you *promised*," she said. "Long ago
e made application, and you *promised*.
The children have been counting on going
way together, on having a vacation with
fresh air and blue skies. All the way up
re Johnnie was talking about the stars
the American Flag and how the stars in
e country would be just as big and
ose."

The worried woman asked, "Is Johnnie



PLAYING BALL IN A SLUM STREET

the one who's been sick?" and when the
teacher lady said, "No," she shook her
head. "Well, it's just too bad," she sighed.
"We can take the little boy who needs it
most, but—" She turned to Johnnie with
a smile that she tried to make very bright
and gay. "Contributions haven't been so
generous this season," she tried to ex-
plain, "and the home isn't made of—elas-
tic. . . . Next summer you can go to the
country . . . Next summer isn't so long to
wait, is it, dear?"

Johnnie said blankly, "But I was going
this summer."

That was about fifteen years ago.

There was a parade marching down the
street. It was a large parade—soldiers and
sailors and marines and goodness knows
what. There was a flag at the head of the
parade—a beautiful flag with red and white
stripes, and white stars on a blue field.
People took off their hats as the flag went
past—that is, most people took off their



PLANT FAITH

DO you want to be the one to give some
under-privileged child an equal chance
with the world's happier children? Do you
want to set the lagging feet of some small
boy, or girl, on the path that leads to use-
fulness? Or do you prefer to go through
life haunted by the thought that you may
have turned some youngster—like small
Johnnie—in the wrong direction? These
are questions that you must take up with
your own soul!

A contribution to Mont Lawn will give
a child more than health and strength. It
will give a new gleam of hope to eyes that
have perhaps never known hope. It will
plant faith, firmly, in a human heart. It will
knit the strands of love of country and love
of one's fellows and love of God, into a
beautiful enduring fabric . . .



hats. The ragged dark young man with
the heavy brows only scowled.

"It always gets my goat," he said to the
shabby youth who lounged beside him, "to
see the American Flag. It done me dirt,
once, when I was a kid."

"How come?" queried the shabby youth.
The dark-browed young man made
swift, profane answer.

"I was going to a fresh air home," he
said. "Can you tie it? Me, in a fresh air
home! There was a teacher stopping by
for me and my pal, and a little lousy para-
de went past and made her a couple-a
minutes late. If she'd been on time some
other kid wouldn't have barged in and got
my place, and I could-a gone to the coun-
try. . . . My pal had been sick, and so—" he
left his sentence hanging suspended in
mid-air.

The shabby youth spoke mildly. Not
that he was a mild person, he was merely
uninterested. "Well, I don't see what the
flag's got to do with it, Johnnie," he said.
"Oh, don't you?" snarled the black-
browed young man. Sudden rage made
his face grow tense and gaunt. "Say, every-
time I see a flag, I see red—and I don't

mean maybe!" With an oath he stooped
over and picked up a heavy cobble stone
that was lying in the street—they'd been
doing a W. P. A. paving job. With deadly
accuracy he flung it at the inoffensive sol-
dier who carried the flag. The soldier went
down into the dust of the street and so did
the Stars and Stripes. And then swiftly
the street was thronged with policemen
and night sticks were being used and the
air was full of cries. . . .

It was an hour later and the doctor was
bandaging the head of the dark young man
who had received the worst bludgeoning.
The young man's eyebrows were the only
spot of color in his white face—safe for
the scarlet of the wound that a policeman's
night stick had made! The nurse who was
helping said, "He hasn't recovered con-
sciousness yet, has he, Dr. Jim?"

The doctor said, "He got a bad beating
up." He hesitated, his blond head cocked
thoughtfully to one side. "Do you know,
he reminds me of a youngster I used to
play with when I was about ten. Name
was Johnnie. The family moved away and
I lost track—"

The nurse interposed with a smile. "I
(Continued on page 45)



PLAYING BALL AT BEAUTIFUL MONT LAWN

By RICHARD MAXWELL

HERITAGE is a wonderful though somewhat appalling thing. Behind each one of us marches a tremendous army of ancestors. Going back no farther than the time when Columbus discovered America, a child born today would have some 300,000 grandparents. If you want to carry it back to the year 1200—a mere 700 years—today's baby (theoretically) has twice as many direct ancestors as there are people in the whole of the United States. So if you are a direct descendant of someone who came over on the Mayflower, you have 65,535 ancestors who did not. Thus, although you stand a good chance of having a bit of royal blood in your veins, there is very likely plenty of "what not" along with it.

All of us should feel proud of our human heritage. Any form of life which has outsmarted the perils of existence all these years well deserves a little applause. As complex as is our heredity, is it any wonder that we are torn in so many different directions? Good and bad qualities, generous and selfish, meek, pugnacious, dishonest, lazy, industrious and upright—every human trait can be found in our ancestors. These culminate in our grandparents, our parents, ourselves. So in being asked to tell of myself, perhaps you will forgive me if I write about my immediate ancestors instead, for they and I are the same. Besides it gives me a chance to place the blame for everything on them.

My grandfather Maxwell was a true Scotsman with sandy hair, and beard—parted in the middle. He was a splendid business man and succeeded quite well as a merchant in Mansfield, Ohio. He claimed his success was due partly to the fact that he always discounted his bills for cash—and even made money during the business "panic" of 1898 when other merchants failed right and left. Incidentally, he could add up four columns of figures at one time—I stumble over one. However, I seldom have more than one to add.

Grandfather was scrupulously honest—and this story is told of him when he was one of the directors in a fire insurance company. A house which the company had insured had burned down. Due to some definite technicality, the owner—a widow—was unable to collect. In a conference over the case, grandfather alone held out, declaring that the woman had acted in good faith, and if the company refused to pay the amount of the policy he would do it himself. Needless to say, the company paid in full.

Do you know what a fundamentalist is? Well, I do. Grandfather was one. He left the United Presbyterian Church because of some differences in belief, built an auditorium of his own and drew his own following of Bible Students. He and



Above, Richard Maxwell before the microphone. At right, Mr. Maxwell with the first-prize tarpon he caught in a three-day fishing "rodeo"—his first experience fishing for the big fellows

Pastor Russell were close friends, and Grandfather was one of his twelve disciples. They toured the world together—and there is where most of his fortune went. He knew the world was coming to an end in 1914—and so it did—for him.

Not all of grandfather's success was due to himself. He married an exceedingly refined, genteel and capable English lady. When a lad I was somewhat awed by her reserve—this gracious little lady in black lace who seemed so tiny in the great rooms of her beautiful home. I still marvel at her wonderful knowledge

of history; it seemed that kings, queens, dates, wars, lords and bishops were forever on her tongue, as well as in her family. How I wish I could sit in her presence today—could tell her how much I appreciate her gentle nobility now!

Her three sons however, were always in "hot water." One youth wanted to be a bicycle expert, and delighted in making people's hair stand on end. He insisted on coasting down a long steep hill—the only paved street in town—standing upright on the bicycle seat.

My father was the inventor of the lot,

ERITAGE

HERE IS THE STORY, TOLD BY HIMSELF, OF ONE OF THE MOST LOVED AND POPULAR FIGURES ON THE AIR

made gadgets designed for every conceivable purpose. Not being too clever at marbles, he kept losing all of his to older and more skillful players. So he built a marble machine which operated on a three to two ratio—in his favor of course—and soon had them all back, along with a shell more. One of his "inventions" was a gas pipe bomb. It was slow in exploding, so father—the bold investigator always carried tiny blue powder marks on his face and a great scar across the palm of his hand. Another invention was a gun which shot slugs, nails, or anything. One day, a larger boy who liked the looks of it, took it away from him. He looked down the barrel and pulled the trigger. The loss of his eye cost grandfather a pretty penny.

On my mother's side it was quite a different story. Grandfather's name was Hiram Williams. You've guessed it—he was a farmer, one of a fine large family of thirteen children, real salt of the earth. As a young man, Hiram won most of the

among the Indians, serving as interpreter and winning their admiration because of his exceptional marksmanship and courage. His strength was almost legendary, and he was undefeated as a wrestler. Twice he was overpowered by homesickness however, and sold his claims to return to Ohio. Each time, when he returned to California he found that his successor had "struck it rich" on his former claims. But he did get enough of the yellow metal to make a wedding ring of pure gold for his starry-eyed bride. How we prize the ring now—worn narrow, thin and soft!

Many are the tales grandfather told my brother and me, wide-eyed with wonder; of buffalo hunts and stampedes; hand to hand fights with the Indians; weird religious ceremonies no other white man had ever seen—and stirring adventures of the seven trips he had made to the gold fields of California, guiding caravans of covered wagons across the desert.

Once when I was a little lad, I was bragging a bit about my shooting ability. "Does your gun shoot straight?" asked grandpa, who was well in his seventies. "Of course it does," I scoffed. "Let's see," said the old gentleman—and sticking a black tack in the white side of the shed, he paced off twenty-five yards. As he sighted the gun I cautioned "draw a fine bead on it, now." Bang! went the rifle and we stepped up closer. The tack was driven full into the soft wood. "Right," said grandfather, handing back the gun, "shoots straight," and walked away without cracking a smile.

There was quite another side to him too. He dearly loved music and from his first savings he gave his favorite sister a piano.

Farming was not an easy life, particularly in those days. Often grandfather's pocketbook would be quite flat, but he could always find enough somewhere to send his daughters to a nearby city for lessons in piano or painting. Such things came first in his house, and his pride in their talents was profound. Strong, stern, gentle grandfather!

Grandma Williams belonged to a family

of vivacious, black-eyed girls, full of life and music. Energetic, hard-working, and accepting no substitute for honesty and righteousness, her family was raised by a hickory yard stick. She made her home with us many years after grandfather had gone—he was much older than she.

Grandma was a Democrat and everybody knew it. She read her paper from cover to cover—and just try to corner her in an argument! She mastered her facts completely and was up to the minute in everything. Whenever she found herself on the weak side of the question, she could always quote a deciding verse from the Bible which ended all discussions conclusively.

The kitchen became her domain, and her pride in it was justified. She loved to "put up" everything from quince and crab-apple jelly to mustard pickles. She baked home-made bread, bannocks, suet puddings—and saw to it that a little pie crust always was left over for "Dickie."

There was one thing grandma liked; that was a dog—when *not* in the house. Therein she and I differed, but she won: "The house is no place for a dog—get him out of here" she would say. So my faithful hound and bosom pal, Jack, had to sleep outside.

Once when all of us were away on a trip, we returned home unexpectedly about nine o'clock at night. Opening the door we saw grandmother reading her paper before an open fire, with Jack curled up at her feet—a picture of peace and contentment. Immediately grandma spouted, "How on earth did that dog get in here? Dick, you put him out at once." Dear old grandma never quite lived that down.

I always loved to fish, or tramp through the woods. Winter and summer all of my spare time was spent out of doors—usually starting before sunup. Home I'd come, tired, wet, muddy and hungry. With sparkling eyes and beaming smile, grandma would bustle around and fill me to the brim with all I could eat. Then after I had bathed and gone to sleep—she would carefully clean my hunting boots and rub them soft with oil—or was it love itself?

One of the first poems I ever wrote was about this dear sweet soul:

MY GRANDMA

When I grow old I want to be
As nice as Grandma is to me.
She says—and Grandma ought to know—
That little boys must eat to grow;
That they are just like pigs and chickens,
You've got to stuff 'em like the dickens.

She seems to know just how it feels
To get so empty between meals.
Back in the icebox every day,
Or in the cupboard hid away
Are cookies, or somethin' just as good—
She's saved for me, like I knew she would.

Dad and Mom got awful' sore
When I carved my 'nitals on the door,
If I get dirt upon a rug,
Leave in my pocket a worm or bug,
Why mother nearly has a fit;
But Grandma's eyes just dance a bit!

If I feed the cat in a painted dish,
Or in the cistern put frogs or fish,
She doesn't mind—not even noise;
But smiles and says "Boys will be boys."
I wonder why my Ma and Pa
Can't treat me same as my Grandma?

(Continued on next page)



cal contests of one kind or another. In the broad jump he set a mark of twenty-four feet and some inches—championship figures in those days.

Back in '49, when the magic cry "gold" lit the hearts of the adventurous aflame, Hiram left his farm for California. As a forty-niner he had wonderful experiences

(Continued from page 29)

What small boy's world is complete without a grandma? Truly she is the climax of any Mother heart.

I think I should skip over the place my mother and father hold in my ancestral tree. Perhaps I'll be forgiven a word or two, however.

Father was one of those unusually gifted singers whose talents lifted him high above a mere local reputation. He could construct anything and loved to work in wood. He should have been a sculptor.

FULL of ideas, he gave one to an automobile concern. They used it on the radiators of some of the finest automobiles for years. Another of his ideas is in use all over the civilized world—he gave that away too. Then to cap the climax, when he retired he gave away his business to his employees. Father was honest and generous to a fault.

Mother is an artist as well as a musician, and our home is filled with her beautiful paintings. However, her artistry is as pronounced in her motherhood. I cannot conceive of her as shrinking from any duty or responsibility. To me she is the kind of a mother one reads about but seldom finds.

I wonder what I inherited from my immediate ancestors. Let's see. Grandfather Maxwell bequeathed me red sideburns for one thing; and a habit of always carrying gloves in my hand instead of wearing them. Deadline ability is another inheritance from him. No one was ever sure grandfather would make a train—but he could gauge it to a split hair. So can I.

Perhaps I'd better tell what I didn't get from Grandmother Maxwell. I didn't inherit her memory for dates or names. I did not inherit her love for history, nor her beautiful English accent; her business acumen; nor her composure. Just the same I've enough of her English reserve to subdue my more effervescent chromosomes—most of the time.

From my maternal grandmother I must have derived my love for a large family and a certain sense of the sanctity of the home. Also an ability to object.

The chief trait I inherited from my maternal grandfather was the call of the wild. He was always certain the bass would bite—today, tomorrow, or any day. So am I—always.

Equipped thus, my ancestors have deposited me at the most crowded crossroads in the world, a singer with the call of woods and rivers in his blood; at heart a pioneer, bewitched by Radio City—a cross between an artist, a rover, a fundamentalist and a scientist.

YES, heredity is an appalling thing! Each one of us passes on many things to his children. Over some of them we have little or no control. On the other hand you and I make many personal bequests to our children and to posterity—definitely important factors in their lives—over which we do have tangible jurisdiction. We cannot avoid responsibility for everything. Let me illustrate in the field in which I am most acquainted—radio.

When I first came to radio ten years ago, it was suffering from growing pains, the same as it is now. Only in less de-

gree. In the early days we might expect anything. Sometimes we went on the air without rehearsal; or entering a studio to perform for fifteen minutes be locked in for half an hour with the frantic appeal "for Pete's sake—fill in with anything!" Two minutes before the broadcast we might find the tenor and alto duet was arranged for two coloratura sopranos with numerous trills on high C—and we had to do something.

During these ten years I have sung on at least 5000 broadcasts for the major New York stations, and from this rather broad schooling I have experienced everything from near-tragedy to comedy. Many stars have risen and fallen. A few—very few—still shine brightly.

Remember Jimmy Wallington? On one of his first large New York broadcasts, Jimmy was nervously announcing me in a song from The Prince of Pilsen. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and he spatred: "The Pill of Princeton."

One day an ex-school-teacher's eyes fairly popped when I mentioned a fee of \$75.00 for broadcasting one song. Inside of two years he calmly demanded \$3,000 a broadcast—and got it.

It is a great and serious business to be able to invade the sanctity of private

VACATION

Did you have a vacation this year? Did it make you discontented with the life you live when you are not on vacation? Well, then don't doubt the good done by a vacation from hunger and poverty. A vacation at Mont Lawn will not only give the child of the slums good health to face the life of the tenement, but let that child know there is a better way of living, one worth striving for. How can they know without your help? What chance have they if they know nothing but the filth, crime and misery of slum life?

homes as the radio does. The broadcaster determines the type of music we may hear, the level of the comedy and drama. He judges the educational material and propaganda to pour over our hearthstones. In many countries, communist, fascist and political propaganda is "directed" into certain sections for definite purposes; often right into enemy countries, with telling effect. In America it is largely advertising.

One of the most successful programs in which I was privileged to participate was the beloved Seth Parker Sunday night broadcasts. I was John. Almost everyone will remember the simple old-fashioned gospel singing of the rural neighbors and the homely philosophy of kindly old Seth Parker. Thousands of people still long for Seth Parker to return to the air. Was it because of its rare entertainment value? I doubt it. Was it because folks were thrilled or doubled up with laughter? Not at all. Nor was it the type of broadcast which caused the listener to sit on the edge of his chair. Rather, it impelled him to lean back in his easy chair,

to relax and absorb a sort of peace into his soul. It did not "take" from him, but "gave" him something instead. It gave him a sense of security, of calmness, and faith in the fundamentals of life. That is what the troubled old world needs more than anything today—faith in fundamentals. During Seth's fifteen seconds of silent prayer I wonder how many hearts sent loving thoughts across the miles to an absent dear one. How many souls were bound closer together in the comforting thought that "he" or "she" was listening and silently praying too—right then—though miles away. All of this is quite aside from the spiritual uplift of the tiny fifteen seconds of humility before the Almighty.

OF course there are other radio programs too which aim at "giving" instead of "taking." How strange that most of them endure year after year—holding their own among the most popular of all broadcasts! Yet you can count them almost on the fingers of one hand.

I hold no brief against entertainment. It has its place and a large place. Years ago some sage remarked that "wit is the salt of conversation." Radio's meat is salty, to say the least. Today we might say that entertainment is the mortar which holds together the bricks of life's mansion. Radio insists on giving us mostly mortar. We need the bricks, too.

Once over the radio I mentioned that those whose sight was failing, or gone, could learn to read Braille free of charge by correspondence. From that broadcast, almost one hundred folks of all ages immediately started to learn Braille. The happiness resulting to them is inconceivable—a bright light forever in their world of physical darkness.

Another time I mentioned casually a little twelve year old lad in a New York hospital—infantile paralysis. He had just undergone his second three-hour operation with doctors hammering away at his spine with mallet and chisel to keep it from growing together. The boy's ambition is to become a football player. From one of the outstanding football players of the country on a 1937 championship team came a wonderful letter for the boy—which I sent to him together with clippings and pictures. Imagine the joy of the little lad, as well as the courage instilled in his fighting heart by this simple gesture from one of his heroes! More than that, in my opinion, is the benefit received by the husky football star himself from his own expression of good will.

RAADIO'S message blends with the parental on the hearthstone itself. In educational and guiding power, it ranks higher today than the movie, the school or the church. Yet what do you get for yourself? How many broadcasts are sent out each day over the huge networks into your home primarily for your benefit—your uplift? Or for that of your children?

Every day should have a few broadcasts with *you* in mind, or some worthy purpose as a goal; else we, the people, are being cheated. If the stations do not elect to "give" more, someone should see to it that they do.

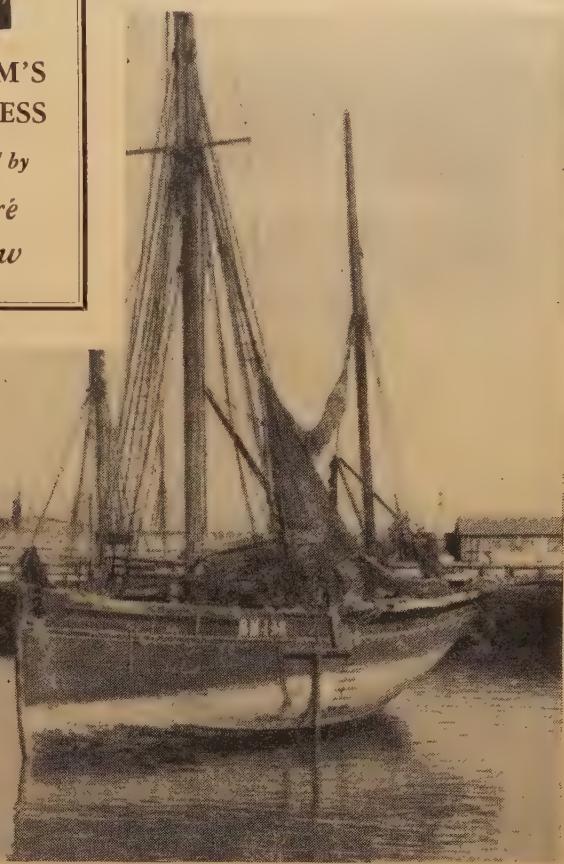
Tell me what you listen to and I'll tell you what you are—or will be.



PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré
Morrow



THE HARBOR AT BRIXHAM, ENGLAND, NEAR MRS. MORROW'S HOME

Plain People

OUR little town is rather under the shadow of political disapproval. It seems that we are very slow in organizing ourselves for protection from possible air raids. In fact, we are said to be the most dilatory town in England! Long since, we should have arranged for public bomb and gas shelters, appointed air-raid wardens, provided gas masks for every man, woman and child and shown ourselves how to use them. And we have done none of these things.

The other evening, two of my English friends dropped in to see me. I have written of them before. One, Miss Primrose, what is known here as a lady farmer, and it is she who has taught Penn to ride. Her sister, Miss Monica, is a teacher and partner in the school which Felicia and Penn and their cousins attended. They are very fine types of the young English gentlewoman, struggling to adapt themselves to the economic pressures of this stupid world. And I mean *stupid*.

These two remember the Great War vividly for, as young girls, their governess used to take them daily to a neighboring farm where they did their bit of weeding gardens, raking hay and watering horses. Primrose thinks they were more hindrance than help to the farmer but at any rate, it was thus she formed a liking for the land and it now is serving her in good stead. She and Monica, then, are very much alive

to what they feel is the imminent menace of European trouble and had just been to a meeting called by some of the citizens, "to take steps," about air-raid preparations.

It was evidently one of those meetings in which everyone got every grievance off the chest whether related to air-raid precautions or the high price of electric current. And so, of course, the "steps" consisted of appointing a committee to investigate something and that was all. My two callers were disgusted.

"But why the lethargy?" I asked.

"There's a strong current of feeling in the town," Monica explained, "against the buying of huge supplies of gas masks, fire extinguishers and what-not. They say it's mostly what you call a racket in the States; something organized by manufacturers for profiteering; and they refuse to raise the rates (local taxes) to make a lot of war-munitions peers, as it happened last time. And they say Germany will never attack us and if France can be controlled, we won't ever have to attack anybody. A number of the ex-service men were there. They are so strong against war that they can't be made to believe there will be a war! They say old German soldiers feel the same way."

"But why should our town feel this so much more strongly than other towns?" queried Primrose. "Stupid idiots!"

"It's always that way," I remarked. "God always has little healthy spots which keep the whole body-politic from going diseased. If there were enough places all over the world of Brixham's mood, there would be no war. My taxi-man was in a

German prison during the Great War. He said it was bad, but at the same time he'd never again fight Germans. "They're closer kin to us than the French," was his reason. There are thousands and thousands of health spots like that in England. It would take some doing to sweep this country into war; more than an air raid, I believe."

"You never experienced an air raid," said Monica, grimly.

I never have and please God, I never shall.

"What we need here," was Primrose's contribution, "is a few Americans to push us about. A little American hustle would soon give us proper bomb shelters and what-not."

I grinned and told her about my conversation in the train with the young Englishman who assured me that the average Briton hates Americans. She stared and so did Monica. "Why didn't you fling him out of the window?" she demanded. "I suppose he never met an American in his life, silly little provincial! I hope you jolly well pulled his leg!"

Monica said in her careful way, "If we weren't so egotistical as a nation, I'd say we were jealous of America; of her freshness and her idealism and her magnificent resources. But egotists have a great advantage," smiling, "they can't know jealousy! I can think of only one advantage we have over you. As a democracy, we have a more responsible government."

I had been purring but now I sighed. "That's true! It makes yours a more real democracy than ours," I said.

What Monica meant was this. The
(Continued on page 49)

"I DO NOT AGREE WITH A WORD YOU SAY, BUT I WILL DEFEND TO THE DEATH YOUR RIGHT TO SAY IT"
VOLTAIRE



PARIS, 1870. A Prussian army is besieging the French capital. In the Sorbonne, Gaston de Paris lectures brilliantly on the *Song of Roland*. For centuries the world has believed that the origins of this noble epic were French; but the researches of Gaston de Paris have led him to another, inexorable, conclusion: Above the thunder of enemy artillery his closing words ring clear: "My colleagues, permit me again to remind you that the origins of this immortal poem are Germanic, not French. Let no transient hatred impair our appreciation of a neighbor race. In this hour of impending defeat let us proclaim to the world that truth knows no national boundaries, and is not dimmed by the blur of racial prejudice."

Gaston de Paris' attitude has always seemed to me a perfect example of Tolerance—the virtue by which liberated minds make conquest of bigotry and hatred. Tolerance is more than a mere amenity; this story indicates something of the stern discipline, the courage and fairness that the practice of Tolerance requires.

Tolerance implies more than forbearance. Properly conceived, *Tolerance is the positive and cordial effort to understand another's beliefs, practices and habits, without necessarily sharing or accepting them*. Tolerance quickens our appreciation and increases our respect for a neighbor's point of view. It goes even further; it assumes a militant aspect when the rights of an opponent are assailed. Voltaire's famous aphorism, "I do not agree with a word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," is for all ages and places the perfect utterance of the tolerant ideal.

A delicate balance must be struck by the tolerant man, a balance between unreasoned hatred—grounded in ignorance and fear—and pale indifference, which may be merely a symptom of spiritual laziness. "Much that passes for Tolerance," says John Morley, "is only a pretentious form of being without settled opinions of your own, or any desire to settle them." Tolerance does not mean moral laxity, or easy departure from principle. If we say apathetically, "one notion is as good as another" we are not being tolerant; we are merely being lazy. Yet if we attempt to force our neighbor to conform to our convictions we run the gravest of all risks—the risk of violating the rights of others.

At what point does laudable enthusiasm cease, and fanatical intolerance begin? Exactly when did Torquemada (or John Brown, Stalin or Mussolini) stop being a valuable reformer and become a persecutor and oppressor of human rights? Where in the whirling conflict of opinions on race, religion, and politics, can Aristotle's "just man" take his stand for



A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

By Henry Morton Robinson



Tolerance?

Inspired guides in these matters—Voltaire in France, John Milton in England and Roger Williams in our own country—recommend neither a mealy-mouthed acquiescence nor a cocksure pugnacity. Emphatically *not* the latter. Dense, unenlightened people are notoriously confident that they have a monopoly on all truth; if you need proof, feel the weight of their knuckles. But truth is broader than any individual conception of it, stronger than any fist. Recall too, how many earnestly-held opinions and emotions we have outgrown with the passage of years. Given a little luck and we shall probably outgrow many more. Renan's remark that *our opinions become fixed at the point where we stop thinking*, should be sufficient warning against too stubborn insistence that we are infallibly and invariably right.

Viewed in this way, Tolerance becomes the bulwark of social and individual liberty and the chief element in any cultural advance that a society may expect to make. We need but glance at Italy and Germany to realize how precious, how necessary, the virtue of Tolerance has become to us, and how desperately we must struggle to keep it alive. Our free press, our privileges of free assembly and religious worship, our very form of Demo-

cratic government, are supported by dikes of Tolerance, laboriously built, privately held, and individually practiced. When we fail to practice Tolerance in our individual lives, we jeopardize the structure for all.

There have been some great apostles of Tolerance in America. When patriotic hot-heads wished to plunder Tory estates and do violence to their persons, Washington permitted the Loyalists to depart peaceably for Canada. Roger Williams, denied religious freedom in Salem, made a hazardous trek on foot through wintry forests to found Providence, the first sanctuary of civil and religious Tolerance in the world. Phillips Brooks in a famous sermon stated the philosophy of American Tolerance in these words: "It expresses a perfectly legitimate and honorable relation between opposite minds. I disagree with my friend. But I respect him; I want him to be true to his convictions yet I claim the right and duty of trying to persuade him to my belief. Tolerance is the meeting in perfect harmony of earnest conviction and personal indulgence."

But despite the hardihood of its occasional champions, Tolerance itself is a fragile plant. Untended, it withers and dies. Intolerance grows in its place. This does not happen suddenly, but by imperceptible degrees: a privilege is shorn

away, a censorship erected, a hatred takes root, oppressive legislation is enacted. If we passively connive in this process, neglecting to speak up for Tolerance unless our own rights and opinions are attacked, we shall discover some day that despotism has crept up on us.

Signs are not wanting today that intolerance is thus growing in our midst. On all sides we hear murmurings of political and racial persecution, threats to freedom of speech, portents of oppression. Recently a bill was introduced into the New York Assembly to prevent members of the Communist Party from holding public office. The bill passed both houses; not until Governor Lehman vetoed it, could the advocates of Tolerance breathe freely. What a fatal error such a law would have been! Where does our Constitution say that a minority party shall be excluded from office? Next year it may be *our* party that is attacked and excluded; no one is safe when the heavy wheels of Intolerance start grinding.

Democracy is the principle of Tolerance extended into the sphere of politics. Tolerance preserves, instead of destroying minorities. And these minorities in turn perform a valuable function by acting as a brake upon the party in power. This is a major premise of our government. Take away Tolerance and our Democracy will not survive.

In whispers that grow louder today we detect beginnings of a religious and racial persecution that should be coldly nipped, else we may someday witness in this country an outbreak of the anti-Semitic atrocities now so common in Europe. If the liberties of even one small sect are abrogated, we shall have taken a step backward to that medieval period of Inquisition and heresy-hounding, when, as the historian Muzzey says, "Honest doubt was dealt with as impious rebellion, speculative restlessness as satanic suggestion."

The crying need for Tolerance is seen in a hundred departments of society. Labor unions in asserting their new powers must not become overbearing and intolerant. On the other hand, our great capitalist organizations—banks, public utilities and manufacturers—will best serve the nation and themselves by displaying an actively tolerant attitude toward their employees.

Too many of us mistakenly assume that a unanimity of thought and action is desirable; in reality, the thing that has made us great among nations is our wide variety of races and differing shades of public opinion. These races and opinions have fertilized our national stock, shown us that the good life can have many translations, and that the Word needs many interpreters.

There exists no race or individual from whom we cannot derive some instruction, pleasure or benefit. True, there are people, indeed whole races, for whom we cannot feel a warm glow of affection, in whom we cannot place utter confidence. But nothing compels us to do this. All that is required of us is a decent forbearance, a sympathetic consideration of their deserts, an appreciation of their merits, talents and capabilities. By thus emphasizing the agreeable aspects of their character, or the value of their contribution, we may succeed in submerging the negative, disagreeable ones. And they in their

tolerant turn, may do the same for us.

Such perfection is unattainable, you object. But as Socrates said in *The Symposium*, "No harm can ever come from contemplating perfection in Love and Education." Tolerance is the happy offspring of this pair, who between them have begotten most of the good that men have known and done in the world. Let me remind you of Cardinal Newman's description of the ideal university: "a place in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. A place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge." This is the educational way to Tolerance, and there is no other way.

There is a grave danger, of course, lest we admire Tolerance merely in the abstract. We may see that Tolerance is needed in our halls of government, in the

our Lord was crucified through the animosity of the church people of his day, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and that they were absolutely sincere in their condemnation of his alleged blasphemy. Nor have the followers of Jesus shown a better spirit for Christian history is filled with one tragic event after another—the betrayal and burning of John Huss, the theological quarrel of Martin Luther and John Calvin, and the witch-hunts in New England. Everyone of these events was justified on the ground that conviction should necessarily be intolerant toward those in disagreement with its own position.

Today we hear the boast that this spirit no longer operates and that Christian people are not divided by intolerance. This claim is true of a small minority, but it is not true of the majority of church people. In a little village of 180 citizens, not 200 miles from New York City, there existed a Methodist Episcopal Church, a Baptist Church, a Free Methodist Church, and a traveling evangelist who, finding the community to his liking, had ceased traveling, and met his congregation in a tent. "And the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans," for several years ago, when one denomination closed its church for lack of support, only two members of that congregation joined one of the other churches. The others either stopped attending church altogether, or traveled twenty-five miles to another church of their faith. And that village is responding to a spirit of intolerant prejudice which is to be found in every town and village, and among members of every church throughout the country.

Such events as these have aroused some to deny the place and value of definite beliefs. They desire a church in which men are bound together in fellowship, and in which particular beliefs are left to the individual. But this idea is nonsensical, for it overlooks the relationship which exists between mind and conduct. It is true "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the beliefs of Christians must be grounded in certain fundamental convictions which they hold together.

A creedless church is a contradiction in terms. Intellectual, moral and spiritual union are all of a piece and cannot be separated.

But this is not an apology for intolerance or bigotry. The basic union of Christians is a common love of God revealed in Jesus Christ to all men. Thus the Christian's actions toward his fellows are and must necessarily be grounded in love. Then, if this is true, intolerance is a denial of the Christian rule of conduct. Intolerance can never be justified as a weapon of Christian attack, for it overthrows, by its very nature, the fundamental Christian principle of love. And by the same rule, Tolerance is a virtue for which the Christian should strive because it is an extension of Christian love into the arena of controversy. Abraham Lincoln uttered words of Christian tolerance in his second inaugural address. "With malice toward none, with charity for all." While Jesus made the eternal plea for Tolerance when he said "Love your enemies, bless them which curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."



MY GOAL

In marts of men I toiled for wealth
That should be mine to hold;
With tireless work and single aim
I sought and found my gold.

I searched for fame as heart's desire
Where men of wisdom meet;
I heard my praise from high and low
On every crowded street.

But gold and fame were only chains.
That bound me to the sod.
In silent empire of the hills,
I sought and found my God.

Harley Rogers Cowles



councils on international affairs, in the marts of business, and overlook the fact that it is needed equally in our own homes. It is not enough that we be theoretically tolerant toward another nation if we are narrow toward the man in the next office. All the apostrophes addressed to Tolerance are of no avail if we miss the fact that it is a state of mind—or, more accurately, a state of heart—and that it must be personal.

Of all the commandments, "Love thy neighbor" is the least enforceable, the most voluntary. But to break it brings penalties that are not less severe because they are self-inflicted.

Nowhere is the plea for Tolerance more urgently needed than in the sphere of religion. It is one of the major purposes of all "advanced" religions, including our own Christianity, to bind men together in brotherhood. Yet the history of religion is blotted with failures. And many of these blemishes have been caused by the intolerant attitude of the most devout believers. It surprises people to realize that

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE; that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY; that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



NATIONAL RELIGIOUS RADIO

NATIONAL religious radio has just celebrated its fifteenth anniversary. Recently, in one of New York's great hotels, seventy-eight leaders in religion and business sat down together, considered the past, evaluated the present, and attempted in some measure to forecast the future.

It was altogether fitting that the first name upon the lips of those who spoke should have been that of Samuel Parkes Cadman, the pioneer, the great prophetic voice of national religious broadcasting. As one of the captains of business said, "He raised the standard which we all have tried to follow."

My own associations with Dr. Cadman were unusually intimate. I met him when at forty-one years of age he had already achieved a world fame that was destined to grow upon the minds of men until all too soon he rose from time to eternity, and swept with a certain grandeur to his coronation. I was twenty then, and serving my first pastorate in a small church in Canton, Ohio. He came as the eagerly awaited major event of the city lecture course. Sickness served me well. The man selected to introduce the distinguished guest had a sore throat. I had nothing! Hurriedly reading the lyceum biographical material, I came upon the facts that Dr. Cadman was British-born, self-made, and a living encyclopedia. Well, I introduced him as such, and with an added flourish, as "England's gift to America."

All that he said in his opening sentences was to my edification, but though I thank him now, I could have destroyed him then. He remarked, "I grow weary of self-satisfied native sons, born where they can't help it and living where they have to. I choose America!" Later that night in his room at the old McKinley Hotel, where I sat with him through a never-to-be-forgotten hour, he healed my wound. Then and there began a friendship that was to me very wonderful and that shall be renewed presently "just around the corner."

YES, Samuel Parkes Cadman was the first great voice of national religious radio. I would pay him here my tribute and recall a voice of vibrant eloquence, a mind of encyclopedic proportions, and a soul that comprehended the hungers of all races, all faiths, and all conditions.

But the fifteenth anniversary dinner of religious radio was not a memorial service. It was a council for advance. Fifteen is at the heart of adolescence—adolescence with its dreams, with its hopes, its fears, its emotions, and its "growing pains." Concerning its "growing pains," Frank Goodman, executive secretary of the department of religious radio for the Federal Council of Churches, knows more than any other man. While Dr. Cadman was the pioneer voice of national religious radio, Frank Goodman is the very father. Also, more than any other man, he saw from the beginning what has now come to pass. It was inevitable, and in spite of his protest, that when the anniversary dinner toasted the dreams that had come true and cherished the visions of yet greater things to be, the leadership of Frank Goodman should have been acknowledged.

Out of that anniversary occasion came three conclusions.

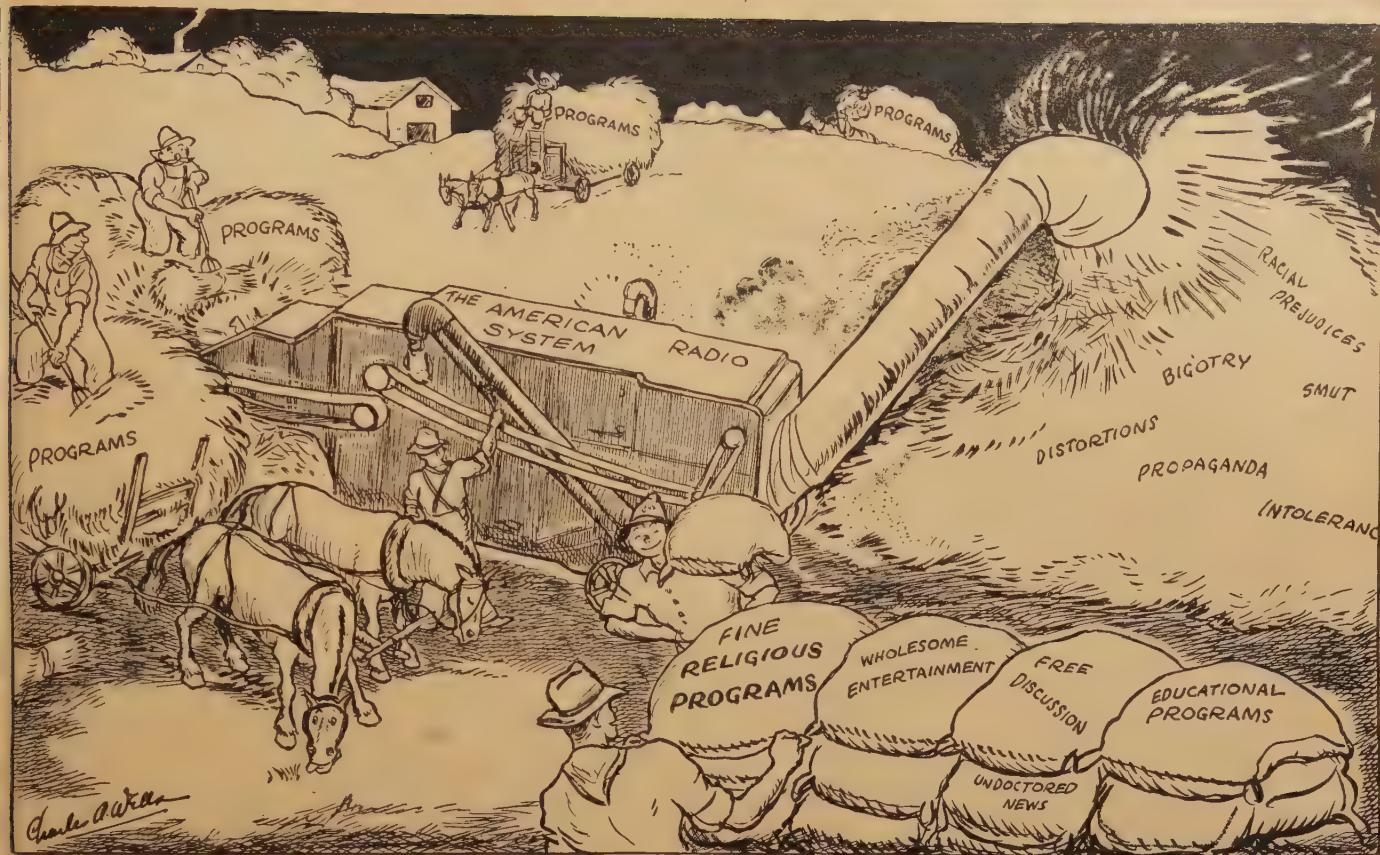
First, religious broadcasting has, without prejudice to any church or faith and with utter loyalty to fundamental evangelical belief, promoted religious, racial and social unity in all areas of our common life. It was made clear at the anniversary dinner that religious broadcasting has done for its speakers at least as much as it has done for those who have listened in. No man of that great company would have been able to shout over the continent sectarianism and partisan passion without the rebuke rising from his own soul before it would have been voiced by his

audience. Religious radio, more than any other single force, has spoken to redeem these troubled times from a religion too little for the incomparably great Christ.

Second, national religious radio, more than any other influence, has kept the air relatively clean; more wholesome certainly than the American stage, the American pictorial journal, or even the American screen. Here perfection has not been achieved and always there are outlaw stations that spoil the picture. There have been programs, too, that shamed their sponsors and brought confusion to radio itself. Clearly, also, there must be yet other steps taken to keep the formula itself right, to guard against penetration of American home life by influences that are detrimental to American childhood, to avoid the exploitation of the American public by advertisers, and to retain for all faiths the sanctity of the American Sabbath. Here it should be added that the officers of the major broadcasting chains of North America have been and are sensitive to constructive criticism and entirely cooperative with those who are competent to advise in the field of re-religion. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes, retiring moderator of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A., stated in his anniversary remarks that the National Broadcasting Company alone is contributing annually more than one million dollars, in time eagerly sought by commercial programs, to the religious broadcasts sponsored by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. More than six thousand of these programs have now been presented. More than twelve hundred clergymen from thirty-four states and nine foreign countries have appeared in these broadcasts. In the fifteen years, seven million letters of appreciation have been received by the National Broadcasting Company from the vast congregation of religious radio.

Third, national religious broadcasting has demonstrated the worth of the American plan of private ownership over the European plan of government ownership—the American plan of private ownership with statesmanlike non-partisan government supervision. Please regard the above as repeated and read it twice! One of the distinguished guests present at the anniversary dinner spoke of the feeling of near horror with which, during the past summer, he listened to broadcasts of government-owned stations of Europe. Here was totalitarian propaganda of all sorts and in all tongues—Communism, Fascism, Nazism. The short-wave stations of Berlin, Moscow and Rome were flooding South America, the Arabian lands, Africa and our own continent with the glorification of the new ideologies, and more sinister still, with vicious attacks upon all democratic ideals and democratic institutions. Some of these broadcasts you and I have heard. They are continued. Many of them are catalogued monthly and mailed from their national capitals throughout the world. The programs of themselves, when not designed with sinister purpose against sister states or non-consenting minorities, are judged by their own nations to be inferior in quality and technique to American radio.

Here, for the decade ahead, is perhaps one of the great moral and social battle-fields in American life. Well-meaning



SEPARATING THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF

men, as well as others in selfish, designing groups, seek the destruction or vital modification of the American plan. They would persuade us that abuses or gains greatly to be desired justify revolution rather than the correction of these abuses, with steady growth, constructive enrichment and unfaltering progress toward "perfection," all within the spirit and plan of American democracy.

Christian Herald stands for private ownership of radio with statesmanlike non-partisan government supervision. *Christian Herald* stands for steady growth, constructive enrichment and unfaltering progress toward "perfection," all within the spirit and plan of American democracy. *Christian Herald* is opposed to the substitution of government ownership. *Christian Herald* believes in American radio.

DANIEL A. POLING

Just a Few Lines



Rev. Adolf Stecker

ary's "Bonus."

"Being called to Alaska, we were stationed the first ten years in Bethel. From here I visited in winter the whole field by dog team, but my particular charges were the Eskimo villages around Bethel and eighty miles above."

There was no other white man there

except a trader. Mail only three times a winter. No doctor.

"We had to depend on the Great Physician. . . . That trust, that sharing of all our troubles and trials brought us so close, we were like a great big family. It was a glorious time we had for ten years. . . ."

Then his wife fell desperately ill, a furlough was granted, and a new couple came to take their charges. It was the last home-coming of the stricken wife. Shortly after her death, his mother died, too.

"But through the Lord's guidance," he writes, "I could return with my two daughters to my Eskimos. I asked to be stationed one hundred miles below Bethel for fear my presence might embarrass the new missionary, who was not yet at home with the terrible language."

Then came the great Christmas "Deer Fair." He was asked to address the "deer boys," and set off in his dog sled, "with a good young Eskimo." It was twenty-seven below zero. Reaching a treacherous slough of ice, the sled turned over, injuring the missionary. With a bone broken, he crawled on his hands and knees to the sled. There was no turning back. His Eskimos awaited him.

Suffering terrible pain in his back, they resumed the journey next morning and



Today Alone Is Thine

By Helena Laughton

The past is gone; the future
Yet unknown; They both belong
To God. Waste not your time
In vain regret nor fearful dread;
Let doubt give place to hope
Instead of gloom. Let sun in radiance shine.
Guard well this precious gift O Man!
Today alone is Thine.

traveled two more days of the tortuous way, finally reaching Bethel. There the natives poured out to greet him, and next day as he journeyed on, "a great bonus of love" awaited him at every village.

But there was more to come. Around the bend of the wide river, an immense crowd of Eskimos had gathered from all the surrounding villages. "He is coming! He is coming!" they shouted and came racing over the ice, hundreds and hundreds of them.

"That bonus of love," writes my correspondent, "is beyond my poor pen to describe. Oh, their faces! I see them yet, the tears running down their cheeks, as they said, over and over, 'Is it you? Is it you?' My tears rolled down, too. Who could help it?"

Teachers and friends stood marveling. The Eskimo is considered stoical, without emotion. But here was the pouring out of a devotion that knew no bounds!

For days he stayed on to minister to them, moving only with the greatest pain and difficulty. "They had to tell me all that had happened since I had been away. Every now and then, one would say, 'Don't you remember you told us to do so and so? We have done it.' Some of the things I, myself, had forgotten."

A few weeks later, Adolf Stecker was safely home. "Praise God," he exults, "for that unforgettable bonus! None can compare with it!" That happened twenty-five years ago, and he still holds it in his heart.

Why not a National "Ministers' Day" set aside for expressed appreciation of ministers, present and past, on earth and in Heaven?

Just a few lines—with God in them.

BEATRICE PLUMB



THESE MEN, THESE FISHERMEN, WENT OUT AND TURNED THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN. THEY REDIRECTED THE STREAM OF HISTORY. THEY CHANGED THE FACE OF CIVILIZATION

WHO WANTS POWER?

A Sermon by

Norman Vincent Peale, D. D.



FOR our thought today let us consider one of the greatest texts in the New Testament. It is a passage straight from the heart of Christianity, expressing in succinct form the essential genius of our faith. The text is that epoch-making statement of Jesus to His disciples: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you."

John Ruskin was a shrewd and accurate observer of men and things. Beneath his shaggy brows he looked out on life and saw it steadily and saw it whole. Loitering once in Keswick on Durwentwater in the lovely English Lake District, I formed a friendship with an old gentleman who operated a little china shop. He had known Ruskin quite well. Almost daily he used to pass the little shop. "He was a crusty old codger," he said. "He came through the street looking somewhat like an Old Testament prophet, with his white beard and his cloak drawn up about him. He was always looking at you," said my friend, "with sharp and inquiring eyes grumbling the while to himself." After a lifetime of observing his fellowmen with those sharp eyes, Ruskin made this penetrating statement: "I am not surprised at what men suffer but I am surprised at what they miss."

The great essayist has put his finger here upon one of man's gravest failures, his inability to see in a clear and discriminating manner. The old hymn spoke a greater truth than possibly it knew when

it prayed, "Take the dimness of my sight away." A camera is a mechanical eye which in a flash captures everything in its range even to the smallest detail. The human eye will miss many details and the impression gained by the eyes of two different people may vary greatly. We are surrounded by things of beauty and color and significance but we fail to perceive so much of them.

The classic story may be recalled of the man who was looking upon Turner's landscapes. After contemplating them for a space, he said, "I never saw anything like that in a sunset," to which a bystander very pointedly replied, "Don't you wish that you could?" We move daily on city streets but miss such of their charm and romance. To us they appear drab and ordinary. Think, however, what a Dickens or an O. Henry would see of drama or tragedy in the men and women with whom they rub shoulders. Think what a Rembrandt would see in the faces of old, tired



TEXT—"YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER AFTER THAT THE HOLY SPIRIT IS COME UPON YOU"—ACTS 1:8

men and women on our city streets. Beauty darts out at us from every street corner but we fail to make it our own. We do not see it. We miss the golden sunshine that falls athwart a great avenue, bustling with traffic, making it as mellow as an old master. We see the reflection of lights upon asphalt on a rainy night but are blind to its charm. We see a fugitive little park tucked away amid great buildings, or catch a glimpse of a ship's funnel etched against the sky at the end of a street, giving us the flavor of distant ports, but it fails to stir us. How much we miss in the ordinary things about us! We need a trained eye to observe and to discriminate.

Some weeks ago I was in the North Woods and reveled in the delight of that experience. The odor of a wood fire; the cool, exhilarating air from the mountains; lakes, deep with mystery and trout, set like sapphires amidst the wooded hills; babbling streams singing their way through the trees, speckled now and then with sunlight, which filtered down through the leaves—that is the North Woods! I walked through the forest on springy soil, carpeted with moss and the leaves of a hundred years. The tall trees lifted themselves into the arches of natural cathedrals—cool, clean, vast. Then I heard the sweet, limpid notes of a wood thrush, which acted upon my spirit as a call to worship.

Beautiful as was that experience, it was overshadowed by what followed. I walked

through the same woods on another day with a man who knew them intimately. He could hear and see things to which my ears were deafened and my eyes were blinded. This man pointed out to me the subtle differences between the spruce and the pine and the hemlock. Under his tutelage I was able to detect and differentiate the notes of the various birds of the forest. The mosses for him were an open book. The habits of the wild creatures were to him as a thrilling romance and as he talked and opened up to me the mysteries of the natural world, I became aware of the fact that the woods which I thought I had seen before I had not seen at all. I recognized the truth of Ruskin's statement, "I am surprised at what men miss," and I recalled, also, that Elizabeth Barrett Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is made to say, "What frightens me is that men are content with what is not life at all."

WHEN we come to Christianity, we discover that this tragic failing is also present. It is not exaggeration to say that most of us, sadly enough, have missed the thing that Christianity really is. Its antiquity may be responsible for that and the fact that its true meaning has been obscured by tradition, form, and man's philosophy. We see it as a vast ecclesiastical system, as a round of worship, frequently dull and dusty, as a rigid body of belief, sometimes out of tune with men's advancing thought. For us it sometimes smacks of strange, far-off things or we consider it a formula by which to embellish the comfortable life. Christianity, in a fine sense, is worship, creed, ethics, and institutionalism, but there is another quality which is more important to its nature and it is this that we so frequently and tragically miss. Christianity is *power*. It is a power beyond the apparent capacity of the individual. It is a power from within himself, meeting a power from without himself. It is the releasing of a mystic force which, once it lays hold on an individual, astonishes him and all who know him by its strength and vitality. It is a force by which ordinary men and women become extraordinary individuals. It is that power by which the weak become strong, the vacillating become stable, the evil become good, the defeated become victorious. Consider the romance of it. Jesus and these simple men who followed Him were out on a hilltop. It was their last few minutes together on this earth. They stood about Him, looking upon Him in love and devotion. He looked at them. He knew them. They were simple, ordinary men whom He had selected to follow Him. They were fishermen, some of them. One of them was a tax-collector. They all were run of the mill, day by day fellows. But as He looked at them, He also knew what they could become and He told them he was going to give them a power of which they had never dreamed. The phrase he used was our text: "Ye shall have power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you." What did He mean by that? Simply, when my spirit, the spirit of God, really gets entrance into your heart, you shall have a power greater than anything in this world.

Then notice what happened. These men, these fishermen went out and turned the

world upside down. They re-directed the stream of history. They toppled autocrats off the thrones of great empires. They inspired the rewriting of the philosophies of the world. They changed the face of civilization. The drama of these men never escapes us. When they felt this power come upon them, they moved upon the ancient world with an impact that was irresistible. It must have looked then, as it appears now, a task of almost superhuman impossibility as they set forth to win the world for Christ. In numbers they were a negligible quantity among the great encompassing populations of the East. They were without wealth, prestige or influence. The whole world was against them.

They first moved against Judaism. Some fell by persecution—but these men had power and Judaism could not stop the onward sweep of the Christian faith. They next attacked the skeptical culture of Greece. Here were the best minds, great towering intellects. Here was a cultural life, brilliant and haughty. These thinkers of Athens examined with speculative curiosity every new idea, but nothing had ever laid hold upon their lives and captured their hearts until these men came like a flame into their centers of learning, burning up their skepticism and cutting like a sharp sword to the very center of their personal life. I do not think there is anything in the world so impressive as this romantic story of the capture of the intellectual world by these unlearned and unlettered men. Next they moved upon the mighty power of the pagan Roman world. Here Christianity was at first treated with undisguised contempt. To assume that that tremendous civilization should ever yield to these men was absurd. Yet the leaven began to work and it was not long before these men had lifted the Cross high above the Roman eagle.

HOW explain this almost inconceivable story? The answer is that they had received power as Jesus had promised them. So it goes across the years, this strange power in Christianity. We desperately need to regain it today, for our age has grown stale and sterile. It has tried to lift itself by thinking and mechanical invention, but finds all its philosophies and machineries powerless. The only way out is to recapture the ancient power of the Christian faith and appropriate that mystic force which in the past has regenerated men and nations. "Ye shall have power," said Jesus in the long ago. The offer holds good today.

How does this offer of power relate itself to the life of our time? It would give to the Church what it needs most, daring and courage. Daring is one of the greatest of virtues. Every great character has been daring. That heroic incident is recalled when Danton stood up in the French Assembly. It was a critical moment in the history of France. She was without an army, without resources, and an army of eighty thousand Austrians even then hammering on the gates of Paris. "What do we need," cried Danton, "in order to win?" He answered his own question by this ringing challenge, "To dare, to dare, to dare!" In response to his electric words fourteen republican armies sprang like Cadmus' fabled warriors from the soil

and hurled themselves upon the previously invincible legions of their foe, snatching victory from the very jaws of defeat.

That is the great need of the Christian Church today—to dare, to move out with a note of victory, conscious of her power. The Church needs courage to get into the life of our day. The Church came out of the past, but it is living in the present. This is no time to concern itself with by-gone issues. This present world needs attention. Is Christianity to be marked only by stately cathedrals and a stale religion? Too many churchmen are pompously sacrificing on dead altars, out of touch with life. We live in a world of human beings, demanding justice, mercy and a better life. The Church must be the champion of human values and fight the battles of man.

RELIGION can save the life of our society but it will never do it unless it attacks the problem with high courage and lofty daring. We need to regain moral nerve. We need the courage to believe Christ's Kingdom is possible now, not that we must wait for its establishment in the dim and uncertain future. The early disciples, on fire with the power of the spirit, would not wait. They believed that in their lifetime they could change society and so they did. So could we if we will but do it. John Henry Jowett was right when he said, "Jesus Christ is greater than anything we have said about Him." There is nothing in this world greater than Christianity. It can solve all our problems.

If liberal Christianity is to smile on radicalism and Communism, it is a sad reflection on its lack of leadership and evidence of paucity of conviction. Christianity is the only social system that can work, nor is it based on theory but rather the time-tested experience of two thousand years. If the modern Church really believes in the social worth of Christianity, let it say so daringly with a voice that can be heard and respected. The Christian Church has the power to preserve our institutions; and indeed the fate of civilization, as David Lloyd George has recently suggested, rests in its hands today.

JESUS' promise of power also applies to the individual. It offers every man the supreme boon of power over himself. Surely that is a gift to be greatly desired. Most of us would agree with Dwight L. Moody, who is quoted by Gamaliel Bradford in his biography of the great evangelist as saying, "I have had more trouble with myself than with anybody I ever knew." What a problem we are for ourselves! We see the ideal and resolve to follow it, then yield so easily. We are the victims of our own perverse natures. We yield to anger, to malice, to envy, and they make us miserable. We fall into the gross sins and know the pain and remorse of that failure. Plato said that every man drives two horses, a white horse and a black horse, and the black horse is continually getting out of hand. What greater personal achievement could there be than power over oneself? Jesus promises that to each of us. There is not one single person today listening to me who cannot have this power if he wants it. Jesus Christ will give it to you if you will give yourself to Him.



August, 1938

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, AUGUST 1

SIT AND SOAK

REST A WHILE.
READ MARK 6:22-32.

PERHAPS it is too rough a colloquialism for the expression of a high truth, but I find myself counseling travelers: "Don't hurry; sit and soak." That is to say, stay by a great scene long enough to become saturated with it. We spent five weeks in Jerusalem this time; and every day brought new experiences and new appreciation. We became immersed in the life and problems of the old city, even acquiring a nodding acquaintance with many merchants in the *suk*.

Now we are rounding out three weeks on the shore of Galilee. We have learned to know the Lake in all of its moods. We have fraternised with the fishermen, and watched them at their work. All the sites have become clear in our minds. Slowly, imperceptibly, there has grown, out of this familiarity with the scenes of Christ's busiest ministry, a new consciousness of His human reality and of His continuing presence.

Yes; we must "Take time to be holy"; and take time to extract the full meaning of life's varied experiences.

Large leisure and busy days marked Thy earthly life, our Master; and we would share Thy mood of quiet contemplation. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2

LET US GO TO SHILOH

SO THE PEOPLE SENT TO SHILOH.
READ 1 SAM. 4:1-19.

ONE of the rewarding sights of the Holy Land, which most travelers miss, because it is two miles off the highway, is Shiloh, Israel's early capital, and the scene of high events in the history of the Chosen People. Surrounded by barren, stony hills, the ruins of successive civilizations are extensive. Beautiful mosaics have been uncovered on the site of early churches, one of them marking the traditional spot where the Tabernacle stood. In a direct line with it, and the ancient "Holy Way" which still shows clear across the fields, is the rock that archaeologists say was Israel's altar of sacrifice. The valley to the north is still called "The fields of Eli." Excavation has brought to light dwellings of the

time of Eli and Samuel.

It is all like an illustrated page of the Old Testament. One is recalled to the truth that God had dealings with individuals, and with His people, in those far-distant days. Consciousness of Him is the best reward of a few hours spent amidst the ruins of Shiloh.

Eternal Father, to whom a thousand years are as a day, we pray for consecrated imaginations, to see in every place of Thy providence the truth that Thou still carest for Thine own. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3

THE TOILING FISHERMEN

WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT.
READ LUKE 5:1-11.

IN ALL the world I know no fishermen who work so hard as those of Galilee. The apostles' phrase, "We have toiled all night," takes on a new meaning as I watch my fishermen friends. After they have set out their gill nets, they themselves get into the water, and with poles prod the shores to scare out the fish. Or from the boat they heave a heavy anchor, to set the fish into motion that may land them in the net.

When they cast their big circular nets, with a skill that is delightful to behold, they have constant labor. And when the big drag nets are put out, it needs a score or more of men to draw the heavy weight to shore. In periods of waiting, they either lie in their boats, or hunker over the fires in caves along the shore. It is a cold, hard life that Galilee fishermen lead.

From such Jesus chose the little band who were to remake the world. It might have been to them, as it is to us, that He cried, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

Sure of the sympathy of the toiling Jesus, we come to Thee, in the midst of life's labor, to entreat the fulfillment of the promise of rest unto our souls. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4

PREVENTING A PROBLEM

THE WISDOM OF THE PRUDENT.
READ PROV. 14:8-18.

FOR half a mile or so, along the edge of the Lake of Galilee, Father Taepper

has made a charming footpath. It would naturally be used by horsemen and burden-bearing animals, as a short-cut around the hills, thereby interfering with its primary purpose as a quiet walk for meditation by visitors to Tabgha. Father Taepper wisely foresaw and forestalled this problem, by leaving projecting rocks and trees over the footpath, at several places. Beneath these horsemen or laden donkeys or camels cannot pass. With admirable foresight, he settled what might have been a vexatious problem before ever it arose.

I wish there had been a Father Taepper at the Versailles Peace Conference; the world would have been saved from many grave issues and national embitterment, such as have ensued from the statesmen's lack of foresight.

Yes; and I wish there were a Father Taepper to counsel every family, and every individual, against preventable problems. How many of life's troubles would never have arisen, had we but possessed foresight?

Thou hast given us brains, O Infinite Creator. Now instruct us how to use them, that we may walk in ways of peace. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5

"ROBBERS' VALLEY"

INTO A MOUNTAIN APART TO PRAY.
READ MATT. 14:23-33.

SOJOURNERS by Galilee speculate upon which of the many hills about the Lake were the retreat of Jesus, in His nights of prayer. Near by is a wady, or glen, called "The Robbers' Valley." It may well have been one of the Master's places of seclusion. To the common people, it was a robbers' resort; to Jesus it was a meeting place with the Father.

Places are what we make them. One Christian laments that his community is drab and uninspired; his neighbor exults in it as a place of service, and the abode of heroic souls. The commonest complaint of weaklings is to cry out against conditions. But there is no spot on earth that may not be made holy by the right use of it. The "Robbers' Valley" may become more sacred than a vaulted sanctuary.

Enable us, O Father, despite our lack of vision, to make the highest use of the conditions with which Thou hast surrounded us. Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6

A "TELL" TO BE DUG

I HAVE SET BEFORE THEE AN OPEN DOOR.
READ REV. 3:7-13.

ALL over Bible Lands are scattered "tells," heaps of earth which mark the site of ancient cities and castles. Near us toward the west, at the head of the Lake, is a big "tell" which many believe to be Capernaum. Dr. Putrich-Reignard, who has unearthed the medieval castle, contemplates the excavation of this "tell" within the next four years.

Every one of us is living near some "tell" of opportunity, with discoveries to be made and treasures to be found; but only by patient drudgery.

Thou hast set before every one of us an open door, O Father of infinite resources. Grant us the discoverer's joy and reward. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7

THE RADIO ON GALILEE

THE LIGHT IS COME.
READ ISA. 60:1-9.

NIGHTLY we gather in Father Taepper's office to listen to the radio news from London. From Austria, Spain, China and this land of Palestine, come heart-sickening tidings.

Daily the truth emerges more and more clearly, that only in obedience to the Peace-Bringer who walked these very shores where our feet daily tread, can the troubled world find restoration and brotherhood.

Stir us, O God, and fortify us, that we may have hearts equal to this hour.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8

SINGING BY THE LAKE

SING FORTH THE HONOR OF HIS NAME.
READ PSALM 66:1-10.

FOUR fine boys from Asbury College, Kentucky, who are singing the Gospel message in Bible Lands, have come to Tabgha. At their first meal they burst into song, "Break Thou the Bread of Life"; and repeatedly they have sung for us.

Would that more embassies of the sort could come from America, singing peace and comfort to this troubled world.

We thank Thee, Lord, for adventuresome disciples, missionaries of good will. And we thank Thee, too, for the ministry of music. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9

A BULWARK OF PEACE

A MAN SHALL BE AS A HIDING PLACE.
READ ISA. 32:1-8.

FROM every direction in Palestine come daily reports of shootings, bomb-

ings, railway wreckings and battles between British troops and Arab bands. Disorders, fears and hatreds prevail. Nevertheless, here in Tabgha, on the upper edge of the Lake of Galilee, we dwell in untroubled serenity, because, throughout the years, Father Taepper has built up relations of confidence and good will. He is a real friend to the Arabs, their counselor, protector, and, in times of need, their provider. Christianity in practice has removed all peril.

What has happened in Tabgha needs but to be extended generally to give us a world of peace. Christ's teachings, applied at the scene of His earthly home, have proved their adequacy.

Lord, make us practicing Christians, brave enough to demonstrate the Way of Jesus. Then shall we dwell in right relations with Thee, and with our brother man. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10

THE BRIDE AND GROOM

WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT.
READ PSALM 30.

THREE are three Palestinian guests in the cosmopolitan company which this hospice shelters. Two, a bride and groom, arrived straight from the wedding ceremony in Nazareth, she still wearing her bridal veil and carrying her flowers. They seem radiantly happy. I can hear them singing now.

Another guest is a charming young native in government employ, who is passing through a time of trial and decision. His handsome face in repose, is a picture of gloom.

Thus life mixes the ingredients of joy and sorrow. Both are needed for the rounding out of character.

In gladness and in grief, we find Thee, O Christ, our companion and stay. May we never lose this sense of comradeship.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11

WHAT HE SAW

TELL . . . WHAT THINGS YE HAVE SEEN.
READ LUKE 7:19-23.

BEFORE beginning this morning's work, we strolled along the lakeside for a fresh look at the Horns of Hattin, near the head of the lake—not the site fixed by the Crusaders. These bold headlands are the most impressive scene in Galilee.

As we walked, I considered what remains that Jesus was accustomed to see—the Lake itself, ever changeable and beautiful; the brown or green hills of Gadara; the misty southern end of Galilee, where the Jordan flows out; and this fishing region to the north, now almost deserted, although teeming with life in the Master's day.

Ah, for His eyes and His spirit!

We would follow in Thy footsteps, O Master; loving the things Thou lovest, seeking the goals Thou soughtest. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12

ON AN OLD MOSAIC

GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.
READ LUKE 9:10-17.

NEXT Sunday, Tabgha will celebrate the Feast of the Loaves and Fishes, the congregation gathering on the mosaics, recently discovered, of the church built by St. Helena in the fourth century, to mark the traditional site of the miracle.

As we talk at the table of the approaching festival, my imagination runs far afield, to contemplate the vastly greater multitude than the original five thousand who shared that food—Christians in every part of the world, who have found, as He promised, that He himself is the Bread of Life.

Feed our souls, O bountiful Christ, with the Bread which alone satisfies—Thyself. And "evermore give us this bread." Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13

BETTER THAN A GUIDE BOOK

AS HE WALKED BY THE SEA OF GALILEE.
READ MARK 1:14-22.

OFTEN I see our fellow-guests sitting by the lakeside, and poring over the Bible. In the Gospels there is more of significance about Galilee than in any guidebook. To travelers unfamiliar with the Scriptures, this is only one more beautiful lake. But to the Christian it is crowded with the most moving meanings. On this water and by these shores they see again the wondrous Figure that has endeared the place to devout souls everywhere.

To keep company with Christ on Galilee is to acquire a new perspective upon earth and heaven.

In the footsteps of Jesus we would follow, O Lord; beholding His wonderful works, and imbibing His spirit, adequate to all of life's needs. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

A FISHERMAN IN GALILEE

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.
READ LUKE 5:1-11.

IHAVE had poor luck in my Galilee fishing—half a dozen small fish; and a line broken and a telescopic steel pole bent by a big catfish.

Nearly all the fishing here is by nets; and I have fraternized with some of them so often that we know one another by name. Though my own skill as a fisherman has failed, I can rejoice in the catches of the native fishermen. "What matter, I or they?" And I have gathered memories more precious than any catch of fish.

Not all fish are for our catching, O Master; and we would rejoice with others (Continued on page 53)

HOW MUCH DOES GOVERNMENT COST US ?

By HARRY SCHERMAN

M R. ROOSEVELT'S speech at Arthurdale included an assertion, which has not aroused the comment it deserves. He said: "Taxes, local, state and Federal combined, are nowhere near as high in this country as they are in any other great nation that pretends to be up to date."

Any citizen hearing this categorical statement, on such authority, would take it to mean only one thing: that government costs Americans much less than it does other peoples. The truth is the precise opposite. Government now costs us more than it does any other nation. Few Americans, in and out of office, realize it.

Taxes Compared

The British are generally considered the most heavily taxed people in the world, and it is usually Great Britain that is referred to when it is assumed the American taxpayer is so well off. What do the comparative figures show?

For the year ended March 31, 1938, national taxes collected in the United Kingdom were a round £841,000,000. To this must be added £176,000,000 for local taxes, a close estimate based upon the latest published figures. Counting the pound at \$4.95 and the population at 47,000,000, this comes to about \$107 a person in the United Kingdom.

As to the United States, total local, state and Federal taxes collected for the fiscal year ending in 1938 look now as if they will be in the close neighborhood of \$13,700,000,000, according to computations of the National Industrial Conference Board and Budget estimates. With our population at 128,000,000, this is also very interestingly, \$107 a person in the population.

Thus, we have finally managed to pull abreast of Great Britain in the amount of taxes collected per capita. But this is giving ourselves a colossal break. How about the taxes we defer by means of loans? Great Britain's national debt has increased only £343,000,000 since 1930, whereas our

Federal debt has increased \$21,000,000,000 in the same period.

The Real Cost of Government

In short, it is an absurd and egregious error to count mere taxes collected a measure of the cost of government, if not enough are collected to pay the current costs and when the balance is obtained by borrowings which can only be met in one way—by the collection of increased taxes later.

When a government adopts a deliberate policy of deficit financing taxes collected are not merely misleading—they are simply no measure at all of what government is costing the people affected. The only true measure of what government costs any people is the money the government actually spends in carrying on its chosen activities.

From this necessary criterion, what does government cost in the United States, as compared with other nations?

We Lead the World

Some authoritative light on this subject can be found in a study made by the Twentieth Century Fund, the results of which were published in 1937, under the title "The National Debt and Government Credit." In one of its chapters it compared the government expenditures of Great Britain, France and the United States. Both central and local government expenses were included.

The result was as follows for 1936, the latest year for which authoritative figures from the governments were then available:

United States.....	\$133 per capita
Great Britain.....	123 per capita
France	103 per capita

This, then, is the true picture of the situation; as to actual wealth currently taken from us in taxes, we march in advance of all nations, alongside Great Britain; and as to the more essential matter, the real cost of government, we outstrip all other nations.

Cause of the Error

This prevalent notion that Americans are better off tax-wise than other benighted peoples seems to have become part of a fixed national pattern of thought about this matter of government expenses. The perniciousness of the error seems obvious.

The source of it is easily traced. It mainly arises from our traditional and vicious reliance for revenue principally upon indirect taxation. The taxes our commen-

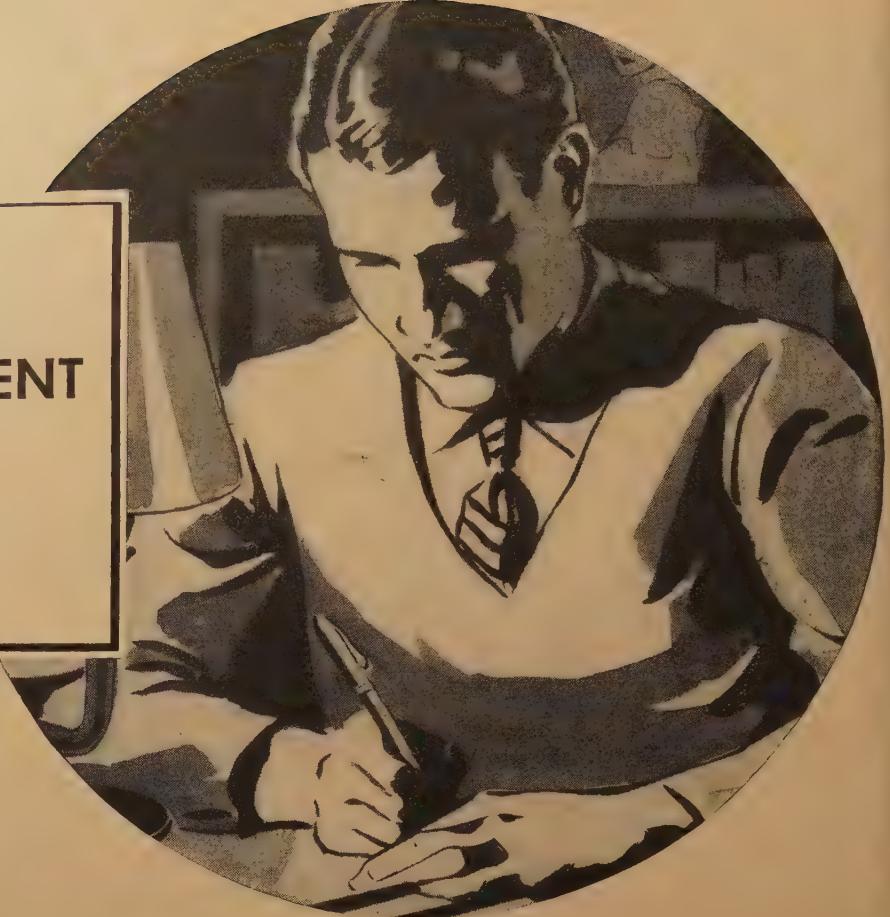
(Continued on page 52)



WHETHER the present policies of government spending are right or wrong *Christian Herald* does not attempt to say. But it does believe emphatically that every citizen should know exactly how much our government is costing us.

Harry Scherman, writer of this article, is the author of "The Promises Men Live By" a brilliant, easily read volume on money matters and economics. Every minister or layman who aspires to leadership in his community should understand the fundamental economic facts so clearly and simply outlined in this book. It contains no prejudice or politics but rather likens money matters to a tangled ball of thread which the author attempts to unravel by starting at the loose end.

The Editor



The Story of Noah

Told by Merna Gamble

This page is especially designed for children—or grownups—to color.

Read Genesis, Chapters 6-9



It came to pass when people began to multiply on the face of the earth, that God saw their wickedness, and he was grieved and said, "Behold, I will bring a flood of waters upon the earth and destroy all flesh in the land"



But Noah was a just man, and the Lord made a covenant with him, promising to preserve him and his family. He instructed Noah to build an ark which would float upon the waters when the great flood came



When the ark was finished, the Lord commanded that Noah take with him into the Ark all of his family, together with two of every living creature in the land. Accordingly, Noah set to work building the Ark



After seven days the windows of heaven were opened and the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights, and life in all the land was destroyed. But Noah and his family were safe in the Ark



When the rain was stopped, Noah sent forth a raven which flew to and fro until the waters were dried up. Also he sent forth a dove twice and it returned each time; but the third time the dove returned not, for the waters were gone



Then Noah, with his family and all the creatures that were in the Ark, went forth upon the land. And Noah was thankful and builded an altar to the Lord and made a burnt sacrifice to him upon the altar

TILL DEATH DO US PART

(Continued from page 25)

man as of his vows. In the State of Maryland, and possibly in some other states, the minister is the only person having power to perform marriages. Where this is true, the churches of the state should petition the legislature to empower Justices of the Peace to marry people.

This will necessitate a process of teaching people that a church wedding is not a "fashionable" institution. While marriages before magistrates have considerably increased in recent years, it is still true that the average girl longs for a "church wedding." It is so much more beautiful, the service is very solemn and dignified, and no building can be decorated so beautifully as a church.

THIS desire for a church wedding is very nice, if regarded in a sentimental spirit. But no sentimental attitude can hide the obvious fact that it is a desecration of the sacred edifice. People have only one legitimate reason for taking vows at an altar; and that is their solemn desire to make their vows in the presence of God. Any other motive, be it fashionable or sentimental, is a sin against the Almighty. And the church which consciously allows such blasphemy is disobeying the Third Commandment.

There is no shame in being married by a magistrate or other authorized official. It is just as legal and respectable, and many happy unions have been entered into before such an officer. The church wedding differs in that it is Christian people entering into a union which has religious as well as social significance. It is two people not only asking and receiving the approval of the state to their relationship, but also asking and receiving the blessing of God in their new life together. The Church must rightly welcome to its altar those who are living in the Christian faith and are now adding this new channel of service to their behavior as Christian men and women. But, by the same principle, the Church should not be asked, and should refuse to accept, vows offered in "the presence of God," made by those who have no intention of living according to His divine will. Three years ago a clergyman agreed to marry two young people, who came to the church, with their ushers and bridesmaids for the rehearsal, so drunk that they could not stand up even in the chancel. For fifteen minutes they shouted and misbehaved themselves until the clergyman put them out. Such people have no right to ask for a church bridal, and even at that late moment the minister would have been quite right in refusing to solemnize what they wished to call their Christian marriage.

OF course this was an extreme case, yet the difference between those people and a sober but secular couple is less by far than the difference between the second couple, however fine they are, and Christian people coming to be married. The secular couples differ in degree, but they and the Christian couple differ in kind. In St. Paul's words, "they are a different creation," for however one may interpret, the fact remains that in Christ men become new, i.e., different beings. Only a man of royal blood can take the vows

of kingship, and only a Christian can honestly take the vows of Christian marriage.

These two points lead up to the one which directly concerns the divorce question. By them we should emphasize the sanctity of Christian marriage, thus setting forth a high example which has been largely overthrown by our own cheapening of the marriage service. The number of homes where the union was solemnized by the Church which are broken asunder by divorce would diminish to a remarkable degree. It is true, even now, that church people obtain divorces far less than non-church goers. (This country averaged one divorce for every six marriages in 1935.) But if we carried out the policy of marrying only our own, the record would be incredibly different from the national figures. Such a difference would, without question, bring people to realize that Christian living is a road to domestic happiness and would also tend to stand in condemnation of the evil of the high divorce rate. Surely it is true that if society condemned divorce instead of encouraging it, the number of divorces would greatly decrease. And I doubt that mankind would lose much happiness because of that decrease, for we cannot boast that easy divorce has increased the collective total of our national happiness. By re-emphasizing the sacredness of Christian marriage, the Church can cut the Gordian knot of the divorce evil.

SUPPOSING, however, that the Church did establish this plan; it would still be true that some young people, sincere Christians though they might be, would find as the years pass by that they were hopelessly mismatched. It is not among the immoral and the beastly that divorce faces its crucial test. In such cases it is the evil way out for evil people. But what of the fine, true-charactered people who miss the road of happiness and companionship through no conscious fault of their own—what of those unions in which insanity has forever destroyed the prospects of true marriage; must the Church say "No" to such as these, who ask for another chance to build a Christian home? I do not think it is sentimental to say that the Church must grant the validity and the rightness of divorces of this character. There are certain inalienable human rights which the Christian religion itself established among men and which it dare not deny. There is a point at which the indissolubility of marriage becomes a doctrine of slavery and therefore anti-Christian. There are cases where divorce is valid, and the right of remarriage granted if it be desired.

But the Church must have something to say about the proposed divorce. The Church which joins together two of its young people is a third party to that marriage. At its altar the vows were made. Since that time it has sought to nurture and strengthen their life together. And if the union is now threatened with divorce, the Church must be a party to the final decision.

This right is freely granted to the state. It is the state which gives two people license to marry. Without that license,

duly signed and returned to the state, the marriage is not legal. Thus the state legalizes a union. But if these two people admit failure and decide to terminate their relationship, they must obtain the state's permission, otherwise their divorce has no standing in a court of law, even though they have given one another a written release. That is what we mean by "getting a divorce"—the state sanctions their ceasing to be man and wife.

AND should not the Church have the same authority? She has sanctified the marriage. She has sealed it in God's name. Then only the Church can unseal it in God's name. The state's granting a divorce has nothing whatever to do with the sacred bonds of Christian marriage and cannot release those bonds.

A Commission on Marriage should be established by the Church. In the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches it would be established by the General Assembly or the General Synod; the Methodist-Episcopal and Protestant Episcopal Churches would arrange for a Commission in the Conference or Diocese. To this Commission would be brought appeals for divorce by members of the Church. The Commission would investigate, counsel, and if possible revitalize the breaking union. I imagine the greater number of petitions would stop right there. Finally, the Commission would agree to, or refuse, the suggested action.

The consequences would be similar to a divorce action before a secular court. If granted, these people would continue to hold their privileges of church membership and perhaps marry a second time with the full consent and blessing of the Church. If two people refused to submit their case to the Church's jurisdiction, or obtained divorce after the Commission had refused their petition, they would automatically excommunicate themselves from the Church's fellowship. And should one or both marry other mates, their unions would, in the eyes of the Church, be bigamous and adulterous.

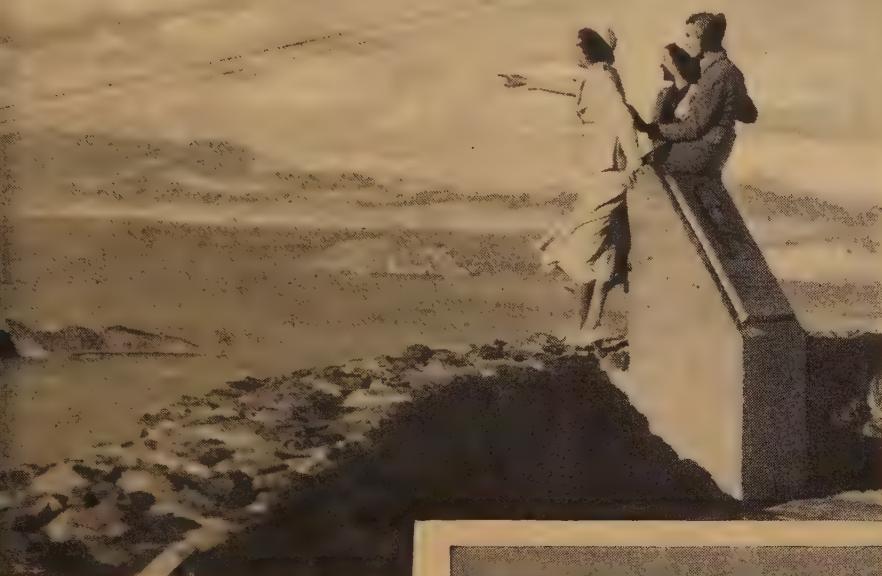
THese suggestions are full of argumentative material, but they squarely answer several fundamental issues. 1. They give a positive answer to the plague of divorce. 2. They are practical suggestions that can easily be fitted into the existing institutional framework of the several branches of the Christian Church. 3. They preserve in all its profundity the Christian doctrine of the sanctity of marriage, yet guard the Church against slavery to the letter rather than the spirit of the law. 4. They uphold the ideal of Christian marriage, by making the clear distinction between secular and sacred marriages; they emphasize the authority of the Church as a necessary partner to the whole of Christian marriage and not just its beginning, but at the same time they maintain the principle that marriage is made for men—not men for marriage.

It is my conviction that in this way the Church can present a militant Christian attack upon the evil of divorce and thus take a great step forward toward the solution of our contemporary matrimonial difficulties.

Photos Courtesy T.W.A. Inc

MODERN VACATION

By B. A. Decker



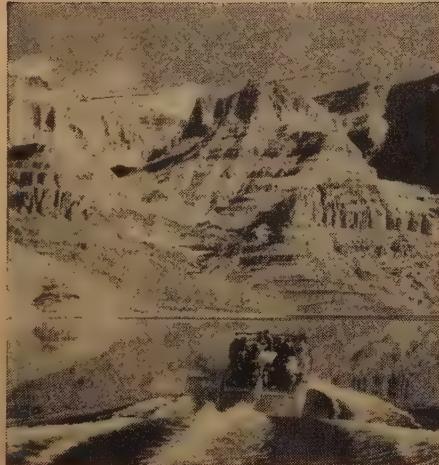
Above, lovely Lake Mead, formed by Boulder Dam. Center, motor boat on Lake Mead above the Dam. Right, a group of Pueblo Indians

THREE weeks vacation in two! Sounds fantastic—but far from it. It will be an established fact summer for the modern vacationist. **How?** By taking a plane as your means transportation to your chosen destination. The time you save in flying will give you that much extra vacation. Air travel already is well established as being nearly indispensable to the business man. Vacation travel is the next major step forward in the swing to flying.

And as for cost . . . All things considered, the cost of flying is on a par with costs for surface travel. Meals aloft are free. There are no tips. Time saved means money saved; and a ten per cent reduction on round trips helps further to keep the cost of flying down.

Where to go? Well, any part of the North American continent is available to you within a few hours. If you would go farther afield—Bermuda, Cuba, Jamaica, Hawaii are short flights away.

Boulder Dam Recreational Area, adjacent to the 110-mile-long man-made lake, extends from Boulder Dam to the lower reaches of the Grand Canyon, heads early season air travel indices.



This area, in a setting of jewel-like beauty, is being developed by the U.S. Government at a cost of several million dollars into an outdoor playground that will be unmatched anywhere in the world. Sailing, swimming, aquaplaning, riding and hiking already are at your beck and call . . . and last summer approximately 70,000 visitors a month came to see, stop and enjoy every moment of their stay. Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., and Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Tours, Inc., combine in planning and offering tours of the area from a few hours to one or two weeks or more. Tour rates and accommodations are reasonable.

Bathing beaches have been built on the shores of the lake, with facilities free to

By plane one travels over Boulder Dam, and other places once inaccessible even to burros

visitors. Powerful launches travel the 100 miles to Pierce's Ferry to a charmingly laid out camp on a headland extending into the lake where it enters the gorge of the Grand Canyon. Choice of activity is yours, but even to laze in the sun and watch the ever-changing play of lights and shadows on the lake and canyon walls will make your visit one ever to be remembered.

Should you be limited to time, it is possible to "do" Boulder Dam, Lake Mead, Pierce's Ferry, Grand Canyon in one afternoon and evening. For instance:

Suppose you are on T.W.A.'s Flight No. 3 from New York to Los Angeles. At Boulder Dam you transfer for a flight to Pierce's Ferry Camp over Lake Mead, and there take a motor boat trip into the Grand Canyon. Then follows the return flight to Boulder City for a complete inspection of the dam. Dinner at the Boulder Dam Hotel is followed by an automobile ride to Las Vegas for an evening in that gay desert resort. You sleep in Las Vegas, leaving at 8.45 next morning by Western Air Express, the connecting line, to Los Angeles.

Apropos these tours—a four-hour tour of the dam, the lake and vicinity costs only \$4. A two-day tour costs \$16.50, including the expense of guides, motor cars and motor boats. A three-day tour, which



includes the Charleston Mountain Park Lodge, costs \$41.50. Air transportation to and from Boulder City or Las Vegas, of course, is additional.

Other tours well worth considering are T.W.A.'s all-expense "Circle Tours" between San Francisco and Los Angeles, which include flights over the dam and stop-overs of varying lengths in the area. One-day trips, with four hours in the vicinity of the dam, cost \$28.95. Longer tours, up to three days, range to about \$75.

So much for many of the dry details of "Aircationing," to coin a word. What about the country and the people over which you fly?

Well, for one, there's the glorious, sunny Pueblo Indian country of New Mexico and Arizona—and with daily stops at Albuquerque, your aerial visitor has an opportunity to explore this colorful country of yesterday, (*Continued on page 52*)

PERFECT IN DETAIL

(Continued from page 16)

window a bit and make a place for Jamie there, of course. And Jamie will sit looking out at the littered yards and drying clothes, and remember the days when he could wander down around the sea-wall and the docks and glory in the freedom of open water, and in the ineffable beauty of sailing craft. . . .

Tommy Dodd's hunch was right. Jamie Lawrence did not go home to 119 East Windsor Avenue. He and his mother went instead to 34 Marlborough Circle where Jamie was ensconced in a room with a bay window overlooking the Basin. While Sarah Lawrence was making Jamie comfortable in his new quarters, Tommy Dodd sat in the beautiful library where the furniture was muffled in dust covers and listened respectfully to Mrs. Theodore Carlton.

"I know that you will respect my wishes in this, Mr. Dodd," she was saying. "My husband loved this house. It was his pleasure to sit watching the Basin and the boats for hours at a time. That is why I so seldom stay here, though I can never part with the house, nor could I rent it to strangers who would not care for the things which my husband loved. Since his death I have lived much abroad, returning here only at intervals. My housekeeper remains as care-taker. I can rely on her to keep the Lawrences comfortable. Now you see, I think, why I do not wish this to be used as what you newspaper men call a 'story.' I feel that my husband would be very happy to know that the room which he occupied," she put her handkerchief to her eyes for a second, then continued in a firm voice, "is used by this boy who loves boats."

As she finished speaking, Mrs. Carlton rose and held out her hand to Tommy Dodd. He bent over it for a moment. Then he straightened, and his pleasant young face softened as he spoke. "You are genuinely good, Mrs. Carlton," he said, "for you do not herald your charitable deeds. I assure you that your confidence will be utterly respected."

Jamie loved his new home. Every morning he was wheeled over to the great bay window where the sun streamed in on fair days, and the rain hung a misty curtain in wet weather. The Basin lay before him with its blue water, its dancing craft, and the cheerful bustle of activity on the far side. Directly opposite the window, the drawbridge spanned the entrance to the Basin, and beyond it Jamie could see the decks and the funnels of the bay steamers that passed on their daily trips out of the harbour.

Those first days, Jamie exclaimed at every new movement on the Basin. He called his mother to come and admire each new vessel, wonder at each opening of the drawbridge, and speculate with him about the sort of craft which would come into the Basin this time.

Sarah Lawrence came patiently at each call, her sweet face brightened by the sight of her boy's happiness. Some of the weariness had gone from her eyes, too, and a part of the terrible fear which poverty and insecurity had put there. The new fear which had entered her heart because the

doctors could not cure Jamie just yet, perhaps not ever, she managed to keep carefully out of her expression when she was with Jamie. But there was always the moment which must come when Jamie would look at her squarely and ask, "Mother, will I ever walk again?" She must be ready for that moment, to be strong for Jamie and to face his future honestly with him.

The weeks went by, and Jamie was becoming much better. Good food, loving care, and the generous attention of the

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"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by _____

doctors were making him steadily stronger. Still, however, the doctors doubted, and because there was a chance that the boy might walk once more, they delayed telling him that he might be an invalid for the rest of his life.

One day Sarah Lawrence sent for Tommy Dodd. She received him in the housekeeper's tiny sitting room. She sat huddled wretchedly in a corner of the little wicker settee, and the reporter sat in a chair facing her.

"Mr. Dodd," Sarah began, "you're Jamie's best friend. I think you can help him more than anyone."

Tommy Dodd started to speak, but Sarah stopped him with a pleading gesture.

"He doesn't think I know it, Mr. Dodd, but Jamie's grieving. He won't say anything because he's afraid of being ungrateful for all this," she looked about the room, "this comfort, this chance to live right beside the Basin. But he's grieving, Mr. Dodd, and I know it, and I don't know what to do. You remember how he used to joke with the doctors about walking, tell them they were just trying to keep a fellow in bed because they enjoyed giving him pills and poultices, and all that?"

Tommy Dodd nodded.

"He never mentions walking now. Why, when we first came here, he used to look out of the window and say to me, 'Mother, when I can walk, I'm going over there where those men are standing on the drawbridge and be there when it opens,' or 'Mother, I can hardly wait to walk over to Briggs and Hodges's and tell the men I've been watching them build boats from way over here. Won't they be surprised, though, when I tell 'em?'"

Sarah Lawrence covered her face with her hands and sobbed. At last she said, "He's grieving, Mr. Dodd, and he won't tell me because he's afraid of being thought ungrateful. I just thought that maybe when you're talking to him sometime he might confide in you, and you'd do what you can to help him."

Tommy Dodd took her hand gently and put his arm around her thin shoulders protectively. "Don't worry any more than you can help, Mrs. Lawrence, for Jamie's sake," he said. "I'll talk to him, and, if he'll only give me the chance, I'll help him."

The reporter stayed with Jamie an hour. When he had gone, Sarah Lawrence went quietly into the big front room. Jamie sat in his wheel chair at the window. Sarah Lawrence went over to the chair beside him and sat down. Jamie reached over and patted her hand.

"You know, Mother, I've been worrying about you, about how I can take care of you when I'm grown, if I—if I can't walk any more. I told Tommy Dodd about it to-day, and he's helped me a lot. He says the doctors will just have to wait and see how things come out. That means that I'll have to wait, too, and be patient, and hope just as hard as I can that God will give them the skill to make me well. That's what Tommy said. He said that if it was right, God would give Dr. Blair and Dr. Graham the skill to make me walk again."

Sarah Lawrence turned her head so that Jamie might not see the sparkle of tears in her eyes. She could not trust herself to speak.

The boy went on. "We talked about boat-building, too; and, Mother, Tommy had the grandest idea! I told him about that boat you bought me when I was little, the one that was top-heavy, and I said that it was a shame that the stores sell such boats to people that can't afford to buy good ones. Those boats aren't true; they don't look a bit like *real* boats. Tommy said that this one cost twenty-five dollars." He turned to the window sill and laid his hand gently on the hull of the model which the staff of the *News* had sent. "It's a scale model, and it's perfect in detail."

Sarah Lawrence asked gently, "What was Mr. Dodd's idea, Jamie?"

"Well, it's this," Jamie continued, "I can make pretty good models myself now, and Tommy suggested that I study. He's going to bring me some books," he interrupted himself eagerly. "And then I can design some auth—authentic models that will really float so that little boys can have ships that are like real ones to play with. And Tommy said that he thinks he can interest Briggs and Hodges in manufacturing them for me and keep the costs so low that any boy's parents could buy him one. I won't make as much as I would building real boats maybe, but Tommy Dodd says I can get a patent on my designs, and I could take care of you. You wouldn't have to sew any more."

Mother and son turned to look out over the Basin. The drawbridge was swinging slowly around. Suddenly, a sailboat came gliding through, regal with wings, breathtakingly beautiful.

EQUAL CHANCES

(Continued from page 27)

"I can't imagine you playing, Dr. Jim," she said, "you work all of the time!" and the doctor sighed and answered, "That's because there's so much to do for people. . . . I learned how much when I was a sick kid and they sent me to a fresh air home and made me well. That home gave me the notion that I wanted to be a doctor. . . . and me the adhesive, will you, nurse?"

The nurse, moving deftly, went over to white table that held instruments and hatnot. She tore a length of adhesive and came back with it sticking to one slim finger, and presented the finger to the doctor. She was a very pretty nurse but the doctor was too preoccupied to notice.

"This is the sort of thing I hate worst of all," he said. "The poor guy must have had some reason for starting a riot—he just have had some queer, twisted idea in his brain! Good Lord, I've seen it end like this a thousand times—and I'm not thirty yet!"

"End?" queried the nurse. Her eyes grew wide and afraid. "Say, I didn't suppose it was as bad as *that!* Is this fellow going to die?"

The young doctor fastened the ends of the bandage together with the strip of adhesive.

"No," he said after a moment, "he isn't going to die—unfortunately. That isn't what I meant by the end, . . . He'll probably get well enough so they can send him to jail."

ECCLESIASTICAL PEWTER

(Continued from page 19)

endent on the number of manual hours required than on accurate reproduction of vision of beauty into a concrete manifestation.

A primary purpose of this article is to rouse interest in things of cultural and religious historical significance, so that irreplaceable relics of a heroic past shall not continue to be destroyed. As far as the author knows, none of the pieces illustrated cost the present owners over fifty dollars; a number were less than twenty dollars. Compared with other types of "antiques" such prices are completely nonsensical. But even if not lucrative, there is rich satisfaction to be had in making sure that posterity will have these things. Here is a place where someone of your readers may help: somewhere there is an American-made seventeenth century Communion Set, although none, as yet, has come to light. Maybe it is in your church and probably it is safe from junk dealers, arsonists, etc., but it may not be safe from fire, which has destroyed many. Even from a money point of view such a set would be worth several hundred dollars, but historically it is priceless. Insurance can protect the first but not the second. Place it where it will be safe; a carelessly cigarette can destroy that which survived the Iroquois' flaming arrows.

The above short paper covers but a small part of knowledge of old pewter. If any readers have pieces they wish to know more about, the author will answer letters enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. His address is 97 Davis Road, Port Washington, New York.



Maureen O'Sullivan
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STAMPS.

Why Collect Them

By Winthrop Adams

MY NEXT-DOOR neighbor came over the other night and found me soaking stamps off envelopes, in the kitchen sink. He looked at me sadly and he said, "Oh! You're one of those stamp collectors."

I'm one of those. There are 10,000,000 of us in the United States; the other hundred and fifteen million call us either millionaires or idiots or madmen, but we don't mind that. We have the most fascinating hobby in the world. What is it that fascinates us? Why collect stamps?

Recently, we asked our readers whether they would welcome a monthly stamp column in *Christian Herald*. The response was so quick and insistent that the editors were overwhelmed. So—here it is.

We begin by realizing that to many of our readers stamp collecting is a new idea; so we are writing this month of the A B C's, for the beginners. We hope you experienced collectors will bear with us until next month, when we will discuss a specialty—Religion in Stamps.

The stamps pictured above are, left to right, Belgium (Orval Abbey); Finland, (Helsingfors Church); Surinam (Moravian symbols); Italy (Angels); Czechoslovakia (Hussite); and Bavaria (Madonna).

Well, in the first place, we have discovered a liberal education in stamps: we can find out a lot about how the rest of the world looks and acts without leaving our arm chairs, by just looking over their post office adhesives.

Geography bored me in grade school, but since I've taken up stamps I love it. My atlas is almost worn out, since I became a philatelist; before, I never touched it.

There's a great historical value in this hobby, too. Take the United States: our whole history is pictured in stamps, from the first Indians to the N. R. A. Our great men, our Presidents and discoverers and even our National Parks are pictured

on "Commemoratives." It isn't history to be studied in a stuffy textbook; it is history in exciting pictures.

There's money in it, too, if you know how to go about it. I happen to specialize in Manchukuo; a year ago, in Shanghai, I paid a dollar for "Manchukuo No. 30"—the 15-sen rose with the portrait of poor little Emperor Pu Yi. Mrs. Adams said I was crazy, but that same stamp is now listed at \$7.50. You could buy the Leif Ericsson Memorial stamp at your local post office in 1926 for five cents; today it is listed at forty-five cents.

But you've got to be careful. Don't let us give you the idea that you'll get rich overnight. Don't expect a general collection to increase in value any faster than money gathers interest when you put it in the bank. Figure it out carefully. I figured Manchukuo out: some day, I think, this country will just disappear, as Austria and Armenia have disappeared. Then the value of her stamps will skyrocket. Yes, you have to look ahead.

Last but not least, the stamp album is a great means of contact between young and old, father and son, boy and girl, pupil and teacher. I have seen ten-year-olds spend hours over a packet of stamps with men sixty years old; they both forgot how old they were. My Dad started my collection for me; when my interest lagged he kept the collection alive, and I always came back to it. He was a wise Dad; those hours we spent over the collection were among the happiest we ever had.

Don't get the impression that this is a juvenile hobby in which few adults participate. A visit to a stamp show or a stamp auction will take that idea out of your mind. Men and women in all walks of life and all conditions of pocket-book go in for it. There's the late King of England, for instance, and President Roosevelt.

Start by buying a Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue; it's the bible of philately. If you can't buy one at first, go to your public library; there's one there. Spend an hour, two hours, just looking through it. Get a bird's eye view of the whole field.

Then get a good album. There are any number of them, from fifty cents to fifty dollars. Get a good one; you won't be ashamed of it when you exhibit your collection, and you can always pass it on to some other beginner when you begin to specialize. Get one for a general collection; i.e.: to hold the stamps of all countries. You'll learn later to specialize.

(Continued next month)

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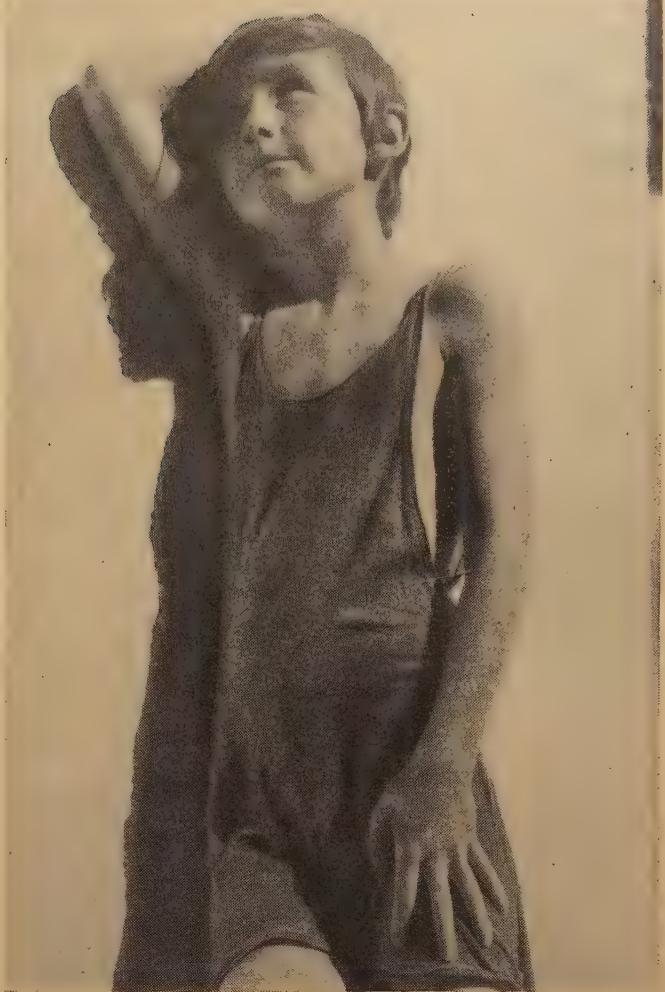
HAVE YOU *ever been hungry*

HAVE you ever missed your dinner and felt that gnawing pain caused by hunger? Did you know that the stomach shrinks or expands to the size needed to care for the quantity of food it is in the habit of receiving? If a child has been underfed for a long time, its stomach actually shrinks to what has become its average necessary size.

Marian had not had sufficient food for a long time; she had come to Mont Lawn with a group of undernourished children gathered together by the city's welfare workers. Having been through the routine of bath and a change of clothes, she climbed the hill with the other children and joined the hungry mob waiting for the bell to announce supper.

It is a tired, hungry lot of children for their trip to Nyack has been exciting and an unusual strain on them. Their little voices sound tired; their faces are pale. The first meal at Mont Lawn is more than carefully planned; they can have as much to eat as they wish, but only easily digested food is served. You cannot blame Marian if she over-ate; nor is it hard to understand why her poor shrunken stomach revolted at the unusual amount of food it suddenly found being forced into it. But what a tragedy: plenty of good food and a pain in the stomach that forbade further eating.

Tears, big tears, rolled down the wan cheeks of little Marian. The waitress nearby suspecting something was wrong, quietly led Marian from the dining hall. Marian seemed frightened about something. She kept saying "I'm afraid, I'm afraid." It took the nurse to find out of what she was afraid.



The child's little sister had died during the winter and she had heard the doctor say she had not had enough to eat! Marian was afraid that the pain might mean that she, too, was going to die.

In a day or two Marian's pain had disappeared and with it her worries: special food and lots of play in the sunshine and you could not recognize the child. It's pretty hard to think of a child dying in this land of plenty for the want of food. And we know it is impossible for us to make ourselves responsible for all the poor children in this country, but there is not a reader of CHRISTIAN HERALD who would knowingly allow a child to suffer hunger or die of starvation.

Mont Lawn has many good, generous friends; friends who have given and will continue to give to their limit. But Mont Lawn needs more friends. Will you help us get acquainted with some of your friends by telling them of Mont Lawn and the beautiful work being done for little sick children?

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(Continued from page 13)

usually cultivates carelessness and sometimes selfishness. But such an attitude was not noticeable in the Prince:

"We in Sweden, of course, have been enjoying our years of peace. We haven't had a war for 125 years. That's a record, I think, in any country. It's partly due to the fact that we have a peculiarly favorable geographical location. We live among peaceful neighbors. But it's also due in no small degree to the fact that we Swedes are by nature a peace-loving people. We hate war. We know how much it costs.

"We also know what peace costs. You may recall that Sweden stayed neutral during the terrible years of the World War. We paid dearly for that peace. Our trade was disrupted, our ships sunk, our imports and our commerce curtailed. Our people were hungry, and at times almost desperate. We suffered, but we held out. And out of it all we learned this: that it is better to suffer for peace than it is to suffer in war. I think when the rest of the world learns that, there will be less war."

"What, Your Highness, would you care to say of the prospects for peace in Eu-

(Continued from page 21)

DO YOU CONSIDER IT MORE DESIRABLE OR LESS DESIRABLE THAN IT WAS IN YOUR MOTHER'S DAY TO TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN CHURCH AFFAIRS?

	Rural	Urban	Total
	%	%	%
More	43.9	35.1	37.3
Less	19.2	30.9	26.3
Same	36.4	35.2	55.7

He leaned back in his chair.

"Well, there she is. The American Girl. Tomorrow's Woman. I like her. She's made of the right stuff. She'll get on. She has courage. The salary she asks of her

(Continued from page 23)

And after that there was talk about several details of the house and the final settlement in it of Mrs. Clayton and her few belongings. And when I said goodbye to that group, as I went out and saw them there together in that real living room I think in all my experience I have never had the privilege of looking upon anything like it. Like something out of the Book of life, made possible by a woman who had lived so close to the heart of love that she had left a legacy of imperishable beauty and eternal riches that can never be lost.

It was only a few weeks later, after I had gone back to my parish, that I had a letter from Mrs. Clayton. It was almost incoherent even as she tried to write it, overflowing with joy and expressive of gratitude for the astonishing things that had happened to her. She told about how beautiful the grounds about the house looked, and how all the flowers and shrubs were surpassing themselves this season of the year. And then she wrote of an unexpected visit from Mary whose husband had been called down east on business,

rope?"

He smiled. When the smile faded we saw a serious face, the expression of one who puts hope in international understanding and yet faces the reality of international chaos. He has his feet on the ground:

"Peace in Europe? Please don't ask me to commit myself on that. It is political, you see, and things are so complicated and confused in Europe. But I'll say this: I have high hopes for peace. We are all hoping, with all our hearts."

We folded our notebook and put our pencil away and rose for the final bow. He stopped it. The hand went out again:

"Goodbye. Glad you came. Sorry I'm sick."

He was sick . . . sicker than any of us knew, just then. So sick that had he been me and had I been Crown Prince there would have been no interview. He waved to us as we reached the door.

I envy the Swedes. They have not much to fear with this man, this prince with the world horizons, waiting to be their King. And if we dare say so, we can't help feeling that all Europe would have less to fear if there were a few more heads like this, crowned and uncrowned, abroad on the Continent.

young husband and the children she wants prove that. She's smart in brains as well as in clothes; forty-eight per cent of them have finished High School. She's civic-minded; she wants to do more than just vote. She's ambitious; seven out of ten who are not in school have jobs; eight prepared themselves for careers, in business, teaching, nursing, dramatics, art, journalism or beauty culture. She's no stay-at-home, no wall-flower. She has a zest for life and she wants to get the most out of it; she has a steady mind, a faith that will hold, a love for school and church and home. She's all right. I think the American home, and the American nation, are quite safe in her hands, as she brings up the next younger generation."

And we think so, too!

and Mary had suddenly packed up a few things and with her two babies had come for a visit to the old home. "A most lovely girl and boy," Mrs. Clayton wrote. "The boy three and a half and the little girl two years old. And last night you should have seen Mary in the old rocker with the children in her lap, singing the old hymn 'Hush my babe lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed.' I just sat there and cried and felt so happy I can't tell about it. And Mary insists that I use all of her Mother's things even her dresses and all her books and best china and everything, but it seems almost like sacrilege to do it. But Mary says that is not so, because she knows her Mother was one of the most sensible women that ever lived and would want to have her things used instead of lying away to gather dust and be of no use.

"Dr. Strong, I think I am about the happiest and most favored person in Iowa City. This is not only a shrine for these lovely children and grandchildren but it is a holy place for me, and I don't believe heaven itself will be much of a surprise after what I have enjoyed here in this world."

"Your friend, Mrs. Clayton."

(Continued from page 31)

ime Minister who, under the King, heads the British Government, is far more under the immediate control of the people than an American President. There is actually no such title as that of Prime Minister, nor do the people vote for one particular man to take that position. The leader of the party which commands the most votes in the House of Commons automatically comes eligible for the job. That is, when certain party wins at the polls, the King calls on its leader to form a Cabinet. This cabinet must be chosen from the King's Privy Council, with the King's approval. The Prime Minister with his Cabinet, is in office only so long as he keeps control of a majority in the House of Commons. One of the party measures which the Prime Minister and Cabinet sponsor, fails to pass in the House of Commons, then Parliament is dissolved by the King and a new Parliament must be elected. If in this election the Prime Minister's party fails to win a majority of members in the House, then the Prime Minister and his Cabinet must resign and the King appoints a new Premier from the winning party. If we had this system in the U.S., it would force a sense of responsibility on the party in power which is now lacking. For example, when the Bill for changing the Supreme Court was defeated in Congress, by the English system, Congress could have been dissolved, the people could have been obliged to elect a new Congress and thus would have had a chance to show their desires as to the defeated legislation. This is almost perfect democracy. Woodrow Wilson, who was a profound student of representative government, frequently threatened to use this weapon of resignation; but as a method in our system it was not practical nor could it be until our whole machinery of political expression had been changed. It has taken hundred years for the British to work out their system of making their elected members instantly responsible for each act of legislation. I wish the United States had it! I have been watching it carry England through several crises and have come to the conclusion that it gives to the plain, average voter a sense of power and responsibility which we lack in America. I think England's calm under the constant "alarums and excursions" which keep the Continent in turmoil is due to the unique discipline of its electorate by its system of government. Its Constitution is not a finished document. It has grown and the people's sense of their own power and importance has grown and this dual development has made them into an electorate which, because of that power, is forced to realize that it may and must, "stop, look and listen," lest it vote to its own hurt.

And so, though our little town may say that it won't buy gas masks because there is profiteering by the manufacturers, it really doesn't know or care whether there actually is graft or not. British fashion, our town is hiding its real conviction under a misanthropic front. It knows that the plain people here are free men, that they rule Great Britain and that Britain holds the balance of power in Europe today. And they really believe that for these reasons war will not come to the lands.

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AUGUST 7

Ruth: Adventurous Faith

BOOK OF RUTH

(Printed lesson Ruth 1:6-18)

WITH authorship not certainly known, though often ascribed to Samuel, the book of Ruth is practically a continuation of the book of Judges and an introduction to the books of Samuel. Its name is taken from the young widow of Moab who demonstrated such unusual grace of character, and through her love and devotion became an ancestress of the Messiah.

Here in the land of Moab, away from his kinsfolk, Elimelech died. Naomi, his widow, determined to return to her native land. She expected to go alone, her daughters-in-law remaining with their kinsfolk. What caused that marvelous vow that sent Ruth along with Naomi?

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." This, the pinnacle of Ruth's choice was her salvation. It was more than human love and sympathy that took her from Moab to Bethlehem. When she chose the God of the Hebrews, she opened the door to providential leadership in her life. She unwittingly held the key that unlocked her future.

Thus was her love and devotion transformed into faith in a worthy God. Her excellent character and the virtue of Boaz brought her, a Moabitess by birth, into a famous Jewish family line from which was to come not only King David but after many generations the Messiah Himself. "The divine selection of Ruth also shows that God had children outside of Canaan and the Jewish theocracy."

Questions for Class Discussion

- At how many points in this story is God's providence clearly indicated?
- How is Ruth an example to women of our day?
- What circumstances in your experience might be compared to those surrounding Ruth's decision?

AUGUST 14

The Relation of Temperance to Character

PROV. 4:10-23; 1 THESS. 5:6-8

EVIDENCE continues to pile up against that arch-enemy of individual and social happiness and success—alcohol. The case against the physical effects of alcohol is being slowly but surely made. From the beginning when science (medicine, chemistry, psychiatry, etc.) and alcohol have come to grips there has been no chance of victory for alcohol. All the facts array themselves against alcohol as the enemy of the human system.

This study has to do with the effects of alcohol on the *character* of the user, regardless of how it may affect his body.

Alcohol is a deceiver. There is deception in the whole system of promotion and sale of alcohol. Let alcohol be advertised for what it really is, with all the deception omitted, and the dreadful truth will then start to undo the damage done by unscrupulous promoters.

Alcohol is a law-breaker. It is common observation that with alcohol being consumed by one individual or by many, no law is safe from violation, because respect for law depends on character, and character is broken down by alcohol.

Alcohol is the father of many ills, all of which affect character. "It is a frequent destroyer of mental stability. By releasing inhibitions, it makes for social ease and pleasure, and herein lies one of its greatest dangers." (Quoted from *Alcohol: Its Effects on Man*.)

Very significant are some sentences from the report of a Grand Jury in Cleveland, Ohio, reporting in April, 1937. "This Jury has found partial or complete intoxication to be an important element in many types of crime and charges of criminality."

Abstinence from alcohol is the only program which retains all the character one has. Nobody would claim that to refrain from the use of alcohol would take away character. But there is every evidence that to use it, even in slight degree, is to lessen one's self-respect, his standing in the sight of others, and the possibility of his remaining free from associated evils which invariably are linked with alcohol.

Questions for Class Discussion

- Is it your experience that the use of alcohol in any degree is linked with other lapses of character?
- What are the commonly noted evils that go with the use of alcohol?
- Is there any hope that anything but total abstinence will likewise be a full protection to character?

AUGUST 21

Hannah: Godly Motherhood

1 SAM. 1:1 to 2:10
(Printed lesson 1 Sam. 1:9-18; 2:1-5)

FIVE points stand out in a survey of Hannah, whose name has a sweet sound among all who extol the virtues of motherhood.

Hannah had a spotless character. The entire record shows nothing unfavorable to Hannah. She was disappointed that she, as a Hebrew woman, could not reach that much desired goal of motherhood. The taunts of her companion were at that very point. Hannah's forbearance, gentleness, and self-mastery are her outstanding character points, well worthy of emulation.

Hannah was not afraid to pray. There

something delightfully refreshing in the actice of Elkanah in taking his whole family to Shiloh, the seat of the tabernacle d the center of worship. To Hannah ligion was more than the journey and e sacrifice. She went directly to God th her petition. She knew the meaning prayer.

Hannah was not afraid to promise. That is a strange vow made by the earnest woman at the holy place of God. Could he but have a son, he would be dedicated, even over, to Jehovah from before his birth; he would belong to God.

Hannah kept her promise. Hannah kept her promise, took her boy to the house of God, gave him over to the high priest, and remembered with blessing.

Hannah gave full credit to God. The song of praise from Hannah's lips (2:1-10) one of the Scripture's gems. It embraces personal testimony (1,2); warning to those who oppose Jehovah (3-5); a tribute to the dominion of Jehovah (6-8); confidence in Jehovah's help (9, 10).

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Should mothers today dedicate their children to God's service?
2. What part does the taking of vows play in a Christian's life?
3. Why is direct prayer to God better than formal sacrifice?

AUGUST 28

Eli: Responsibility for Others

1 SAM. 2:12 to 4:18

(Printed lesson 1 Sam. 3:11-14; 4:12-18)

WHEN, from the collection of biographies in the Bible one is selected as an example of unsuccessful parenthood the choice is almost sure to fall upon Eli. The outstanding failure of Eli was that his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, turned out so disastrously. Hophni and Phinehas were the only children in all Israel who drew the temple every day and paid no attention to it."

Whereas God had depended on Eli to bring glory to His name there came terrible corruption into the whole priesthood, with Eli's sons receiving the offerings which belonged to God. Eli's house would therefore be cut off, his two sons would die on the same day, and in course of time a faithful priest would be found who could step into the place of honor.

To the boy Samuel was given the responsibility of telling to his teacher and sponsor the message God had imparted

Samuel in the night. What contrasts are provided in these character studies! One lad hesitating to hurt the feelings of his mentor and guide, but certain to do the will of God, tells truthfully the whole tale. The old man, cut to the quick by the sharpness of the judgment, yet responded with confidence and resignation: "It is Jehovah, let Him do what is good in His sight."

Disaster and sorrow were the final lot

Eli, who meant well, but did very poorly.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How much to blame is to be placed on parents whose children go astray and on parents "restrain them not"?

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(Continued from page 40)

tators and public officials seem to keep most in mind are the personal income taxes. But the true status of the personal income tax, in the whole fiscal picture, is revealed by some interesting figures. As stated above, total taxes collected this fiscal year will be close to \$13,700,000,000. Only about \$1,500,000,000 of this—only about one-ninth of it—will consist of Federal and state personal income taxes.

There, surely, is the main reason for the prevalent notion that we are a lightly taxed people. As to eight-ninths of the taxes we pay, few of us are ever conscious of them. Individually, we are so innocent in this matter of government finance that we do not even know we are being frisked.

The common equanimity under this state of affairs would, of course, be quickly dispelled were it possible to bring home the actual burden of government expense each one of us unwittingly carries. This, perhaps, can be best appreciated by considering the cost of government, not per capita but for each family. After all, most of us live our economic lives as families, not per capita.

There are now roughly about 31,500,000 families in the United States. A close estimate of total government expense in the current fiscal year would be \$16,500,000,000, according to figures compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board. This is an average expense for government in the United States of \$523 for each family.

It would be fatal to assume that your family does not pay this amount because your personal income tax is small, or even if you pay none. The families in the United States that have the lowest cash income are rural, particularly sharecroppers. Because of the millions of these very low cash-income families all others must pay

more than the average to make it come out at \$523.

Thus, if you are a wage or salary earner, no matter how small the family income you enjoy, it may be taken as almost certain that that income is \$523 smaller, and perhaps smaller by a great deal more, because of the contributions unknown to you that you have been making to the support of Federal, state and local government.

Relief is often presented as the political excuse for this enormous load of government expense. The query, "Would you let people starve?" is supposed to stop the mouths of informed persons who have become concerned about government improvidence, and too often it does.

But men and women of good will need not feel conscience-stricken when they call for government economy if they will bear a simple fact in mind: only \$90 out of this \$523 in the present fiscal year will represent relief, both state and Federal. Whether or not one questions any single aspect of this policy of government relief, if every penny of it were eliminated we would still stagger under a load of \$433 a family for government expense.

Moreover, it is helpful to remember that no starvation has been reported in lands like Canada, Great Britain, France, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and many others that might be cited. These nations may only "pretend to be up to date," but somehow they seem to be able to achieve the same happy result as we at considerably lower cost.

In any case, one conclusion is inescapable: As the person most likely to be believed in the nation, it is clear irresponsibility on the President's part to give further currency to this pernicious common error as to the load of government expense we all now carry.

Courtesy New York Herald-Tribune

(Continued from page 43)

where time seems not to have moved and the Pueblo Indian still lives the life his forefathers lived for centuries.

It is an awe-inspiring country, still seemingly ruled by the gods of the desert . . . those gods which are worshipped today by the Pueblos in colorful, beautiful dances and fiestas . . . daily occurrences in Albuquerque and near-by Santa Fe.

Between Albuquerque and Boulder City the T.W.A. route parallels the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for nearly 100 miles, with the canyon, below and to the north of the airway, spread beneath in all its colorful, awesome majesty.

This enchanted American Southwest also is a mecca for those city-dwellers who have discovered for themselves the joys of that typically American vacation, dude ranching. Albuquerque, New Mexico; Winslow, Arizona; Fresno, California, are the crossroads of the dude ranch country, and can be reached in only a few hours even from the East coast. The fine upland timber country of New Mexico, is dotted with dude ranches. Riding, bronco-busting, pack trips, fishing, and a wholesome, friendly social atmosphere attract dude ranch addicts by the hundreds each year.

Winslow offers ranch life of a different type. In the uplands around Prescott and

Rimrock are ranches where the mountain country of central Arizona lends a bracing, invigorating tang to vacationing.

Billings, Montana, is the heart of another dude ranch area, and can be reached from New York in a few hours. T.W.A.'s Sky Chief at 5.05 p.m., for example, lands you in Chicago in time for transfer to Northwest Airline's plane that arrives in Billings early next morning! Only overnight to a vacation in the West, and a new idea for week-ending.

Three major airlines—T.W.A., American Airlines and United Airlines—maintain frequent overnight services to the West Coast, another mecca for Easterners and Midwesterners, serving both San Francisco and Los Angeles. Northwest Airlines, connecting with the other three at Chicago, serves the Pacific Northwest, while United Airlines and Western Air Express operate north and south on the coast from San Diego to Seattle.

On the east coast, Eastern Airlines maintain regular service from New York southward to Miami. Regular service to this magic summer and winter playground is also offered via Nashville, by the Great Silver Fleet of Eastern from Chicago.

New England is served by American Airlines. All of the New England States are criss-crossed by a network of smaller airways.

(Continued from page 39)

ers who glean the harvest of the waters
and of life. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15

WHAT ARE THEY AMONG SO MANY?
READ JOHN 6:1-14.

I CONFESS to having been moved this morning when we attended the annual Feast of the Loaves and Fishes, on the very site of the church which Queen Helena erected in the fourth century, to commemorate the miracle. Beneath our feet were the mosaics which were laid down fifteen centuries ago.

Imagination tried to picture the human throng whom Jesus fed, so like the swarthy natives who fringed our congregation.

Throughout the centuries, the prayers of our brethren have ascended to Thee, O God. Hear them, and us. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16

A THOUSAND YEARS... BUT AS YESTERDAY.
READ PSALM 90.

AS ONE illustration of the new light that archeology has been shedding upon history and upon the Scriptures I cite the significant fact that within seven years the knowledge of the antiquity of the alphabet has been pushed back a thousand years, to the year 2000 B.C. We now know that when Abraham came to Canaan from Ur of the Chaldees men were using the alphabet, substantially as we know it.

We need these reminders that the human race has lived for a long, long time.

With Thee a thousand years are as a day, O Lord; and we pray for a share of Thy patience with our race. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17

YOUNG MEN, BECAUSE YE ARE STRONG.
READ 1 JOHN 2:12-17.

AN UNEXPECTED delight in our present Palestine pilgrimage is the number of fine students we have met—German, Swedish, British and American. They are wandering over the Land, oftener afoot than in automobiles, observing with keen zest the life of today and the memorials of a sacred yesterday.

In the heart of youth God has implanted great dreams. Their fulfilment is the hope of humanity. Their vision of life on an international scale, and their fitness for its problems, is a reassurance.

That the Young Man of Galilee has laid hold of the heart of idealistic youth is our cause for gratitude today, O Father Supreme. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18

THE IVORY HOUSE WHICH HE BUILT.
READ 1 KINGS 22:29-40.

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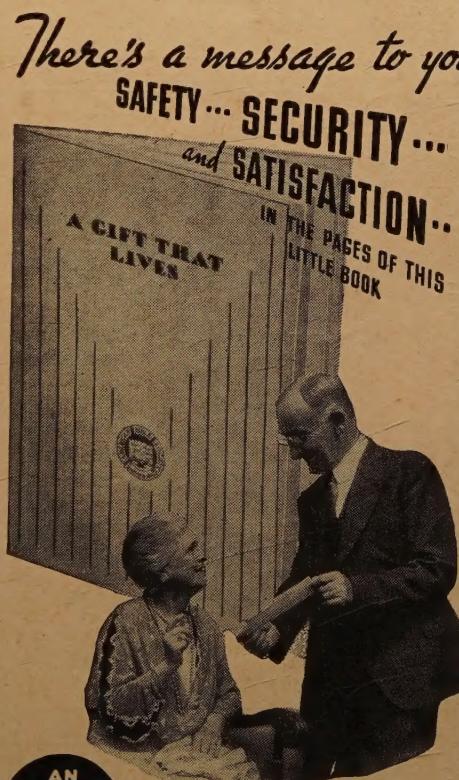
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One case contains fragments of ivory ornaments from the palace of Omri and Ahab at Samaria. These are the very bits of handicraft that stirred the prophet's pen.

Even to heedless ears, the ivory fragments cry aloud, "The old Book is historically true, even down to details."

We thank Thee, O wise Providence, for all the preserved evidence of the truth of Thy word. May we be unashamed disciples of the Book. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19

TIMES OF REFRESHING SHALL COME.
READ ACTS 3:12-26.

OFTEN I have written of "the bare brown hills" of Gadara and Gergasa that run down to the eastern shore of the Lake of Galilee. But at this season the hills are clad in lovely green. Summer will wither the grass; but the hills have been clad with verdure, and will be so again.

Our lives are like that. Sometimes they are abloom with peace and joy and prosperity; sometimes they show brown and sterile.

In glad days and in sad days, we would be mindful, O evergiving God, that all our times are in Thy hand. Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

WATCH, THEREFORE.
READ MATT. 25:1-13.

IN TIMES past I have seen wedding processions in Palestine which exactly fulfilled the Scriptural picture. On this visit I have repeatedly witnessed the changed style—the wedding party in decorated cars, madly racing after the motoring bride and groom. Something beautiful and full of symbolism has dropped out of the life of Bible Lands.

But life may be as deep and purposeful in modern garb as ever it was in homespun. Outward forms need not affect inward reality. God has no care for the habiliments of life; for His own wear all manner of dress and follow all manner of customs.

Thou desirdest truth in the inward parts, O God; and amidst these changeable times we would still have our hearts fixed on Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

TEACH US TO PRAY.
READ LUKE 11:1-13.

BY THE Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, and in their synagogues, I have seen the orthodox Jews at prayer. Always, as they pray, they sway their bodies to and fro; with the idea that both body and spirit should be moved in prayer.

The thought behind this practice is a rebuke to all our perfunctory, conventional, effortless praying. Seldom are we shaken by the intensity of our own prayers. Only One has ever prayed until the bloody sweat streamed from His brow.

"Lord, teach us to pray"—earnestly, ardently, with an intensity moving our whole being. And forgive us for all our perfunctory prayers. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22

THE LORD OF HOSTS WILL REIGN IN MT. ZION.
READ ISA. 24:14-23.

WE HAVE a little League of Nations at our hospice on the shore of Galilee. Here come visitors of every nation and creed. They mingle in happy unity.

What is the tie that overcomes all religious and racial barriers here? It is a common love for the Man of Galilee, who once walked these fields and hills.

In larger application, how else may we blend together the discordant elements in this warring world, except by all men's becoming loyal friends and subjects of the true King of life?

We pray for the complete reign of our Saviour-King. Assume Thy royal throne in human hearts, O Jesus. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23

HOLY AND REVEREND IS HIS NAME.
READ PSALM 111.

AT TIBERIAS, on the Lake of Galilee, there has been a seaside amusement resort called "The Galilee Lido." The sight of it gives the reverent traveler a shock. Nothing could be more incongruous than to transplant the vanity of Europe to these sacred shores. Yet a group of Zionists recently tried to buy from one of the Catholic orders a strip of land on the very site of the Capernaum labors of Jesus, that they might erect a Casino, for dancing, drinking, floor shows and gambling.

May we enshrine in our hearts, O Infinite and Ineffable God, the spirit of reverence for all that is sacred. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24

AND MANY WOMEN WERE THERE.
READ MATT. 27:50-61.

"HOW would you like to be a Bedouin woman?" I asked Milady, as we passed an Arab carrying on her back a huge load of firewood, with a baby perched on top.

"If I had never known any other life, I would be happy as a Bedouin," stoutly maintained Milady.

Steadily, Christian civilization is easing the ancient loads upon the bodies and spirits of womanhood. The little band of devoted women who followed Jesus never realized what a train of emancipation and progress they were pioneering for a world-wide sisterhood.

All that is finest in man's attitude toward woman and her lot has been learned from Thee, O Son of Mary.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25

MENDING THEIR NETS.
READ MARK 1:16-20.

THREE is more to fishing than casting a line or a net. Tackle and gear must be cared for. When Jesus called John and James they were sitting in their boat mending their nets. As I daily walk along the same shore I see Ali and his comrades tirelessly at the same task of net mending.

Workers with lives, the catchers of human fish, must give heed to their outfit. Nets must be mended if fish are to be caught.

May the spirit of diligence in preparation descend upon us, O Lord, in all our life and work; that we may be ever ready when Thou callest. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26

UNTO THE HILLS.
READ PSALM 121.

GO DOWN to the foot of the Lake of Galilee; cross the Jordan and the plain; and follow the upward road into the hills of Gadara, along the gorge of the Yarmuk, past wild flowers of supernal beauty, and you will find yourself in Hammi, where flow the hot mineral springs.

Solomon, and succeeding kings, used these baths, and some of the ruins scattered about are attributed to him. Twice Milady and I indulged in the luxury of these baths, symbol of the healing that lies hidden in the hills.

From the plain of everydayness, O Master, we would lift up our eyes to the hills' help and healing; and we would follow Thy footsteps thereto. Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27

REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST.
READ II TIM. 2:1-15 (R. V.)

HIghly privileged, we sojourn for a few months in the Land made Holy by saints and seers, prophets and apostles, and by the earthly footsteps of Jesus himself. Nevertheless, our thoughts and our talk go homing often to the log cabin by a Canadian lakeside, where we expect to spend the summer.

We all live, at one and the same time, in the present, the past and the future. Memories and hopes are as real as today's experiences. This God's gift of imagination is an essential part of a man's spiritual nature.

For yesterday, today and tomorrow we thank and praise Thee, O bountiful Giver of life's good gifts.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28

WORSHIP THE LORD.
READ PSALM 29.

IN THE western world, a church building presupposes a congregation. But in the Holy Land there are many churches built on sacred sites, in which no worshippers ever assemble; only individual

pilgrims come, and if so minded, pray.

There is something fine about the idea of a shrine for simple worship, even by a few. As I have watched priests of various faiths going through their daily ritual, with no sign of a congregation, I have been awed by the thought of solitary worship, rising to heaven like incense from the altars of testimony.

In dedicated churches, or in the solitude of our chambers, we would worship Thee, O Ineffable One, to whom angels cry "Holy! Holy! Holy!" Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29

EYE HATH NOT SEEN.
READ I COR. 2:1-16.

ALMOST daily there come to the Lake of Galilee artists and photographers, who would carry away records of its beauty. But they labor in vain; for no brush or pencil or lens can transmit the ineffable beauty of this Lake. God works in the superlative degree, and man cannot equal Him.

Life is full of unattainable glories; but man will forever strive after them, to the growth of his spirit. We reach out after the things that are before us, and keep on reaching until we attain satisfaction in heaven.

Thou hast set eternity in our hearts, O God; to stimulate our strivings after the best of time. May we never relax our high endeavors. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.
READ I JOHN 3:1-10.

AMONG the oft-neglected sights of Jerusalem are the Schick Models of the Hebrew tabernacle and successive temples. One wishes that every preacher and Sunday School teacher could study them.

Visitors of a thoughtful turn carry away the lesson that Christians may be small-scale models of their Master. They may show forth His characteristics and His spirit, so that beholders may understand somewhat of His nature.

Our prayer today, O Lord, is that we may so imitate our Master that others, beholding, may seek to know Him.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31

SERVING THE LORD.
READ ROM. 12:9-21.

FROM all over the world visitors come to this remote garden spot of Tabgha, on the northern shore of the Lake of Galilee. The great and the lowly have signed the visitors' book of this Lazarist Hospice. They are drawn to this particular location by the fame of Father Taepper, the German monk in charge. He is deservedly a famous character. He has everything: body, mind and spirit. The man is a wonder.

We are grateful, O Father of us all, for the noble lives that are within reach of us every one. May we, too, become exemplars of our Master. Amen.



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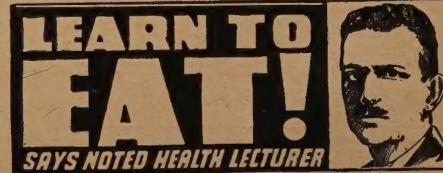
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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Reminder

The preacher kept on and on and on. When he was finally through, a good friend said to him, "George, don't you know when to stop?"

"Well," said the preacher, "there was no clock in the room where I was speaking."

"No," said his friend. "But there was a Calendar on the wall!"

—Told by Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon

Spheroid

Professor in Higher Mathematics: "Give an example of an imaginary spheroid."

Student: "A rooster's egg."

—Student

Preparedness

Out at the front, "somewhere in France," two regiments were returning to the trenches.

"When's this bloomin' war goin' to finish?" asked one North Country lad.

"Dunno," replied one of the Southshires. "We've planted some daffodils in front of our trench."

"Gaddy optimists!" snorted the man from the North. "We've planted acorns!"

—The Boston Herald

Root of the Trouble

"Some people would object, no matter what you give them," snorted the restaurant proprietor. "I can't see what those people have to complain about in this soup."

"They wouldn't have no grouch coming, sir," explained the waiter, tactfully, "if only the cook would admit it's soup. He says it's coffee."

—Exchange

He Didn't Forget

"Who's the absent-minded one now?" said the professor as they left the church one rainy night. "You left your umbrella back there and I not only remembered mine but I brought yours, too." And he produced them from his coat. His wife gazed blankly at him. "But," said she, "neither of us brought one to church."

—U. P. Magazine

Force of Example

Our Bobbie was in a store with his mother when he was given candy by one of the clerks.

"What must you say, Bobbie?"

"Charge it," he replied.

—The Cross

Status Quo

"Bredern, we must do something to remedy de Status Quo," said a Negro preacher to his congregation.

"Bruder Jones, what am de Status Quo?" asked a member.

"Dat, my brudder," said the preacher, "am Latin for de mess we's in."

—Exchange

Sneeze Wheeze

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to ground I knew not where,
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snooze.

—Student

Such Funny Names

A school-teacher from Ypsilanti, one from Kokomo, and one from Speonk went on a Boring tour and visited Wales.

"What funny names these Welsh towns have!" exclaimed all of them in unison.

—Exchange

Old A. M. P. Again

Professor: "Have I had my afternoon nap yet, dear?"

Wife: "Certainly, dear, you just woke up."

Professor: "I thought so, but I wasn't certain whether I'd been asleep or just dreamed it."

—Exchange

Basis for Credit

Teacher: "Johnny, if your father could save one dollar a week for four weeks, what would he have?"

Modern Child (promptly): "A radio, an electric refrigerator, a new suit, and a lot more furniture."

—Exchange

Sisters Under the Skin

"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means, Come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."

—Pathfinder

Believe It Or Not

"You seem to have read all the best literature. How do you find time for it?"

"I use the time I used to spend combing and brushing my hair for reading now," replied the bald-headed man.

—Enquirer